THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

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1931-2

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EDITORIAL

AN editor is expected to have a policy and, in this case, a part of the policy is to have no editorials. But as this is the first number of a new periodical, the rule may be suspended for the occasion so as to permit a brief explanation.

THE QUARTERLY is a journal authorized and supported by the University of Toronto. It is like other similar ventures in being an instrument for the encouragement of many undertakings which would never come to maturity without assistance of this kind. It implies the belief that there are in the Dominion many who can contribute worthily to the common stock of knowledge : when the scholar has achieved his task he must find some channel of communication, both to complete his own labour and to benefit others. One of the important functions of a university is to provide the means for thus increasing the fruitfulness of education.

The scope and character of this journal can be inferred from the contents of this number. It does not provide space for fiction or poetry,—a rule which it is our privilege to ignore in the case of *The Iceberg*. The world is full of interests and some limitations must be adopted to avoid chaos. For special vocations there are technical journals; to record the passage of events there are the publications which rate their material by its news value; current politics have a special kind of attraction which supports a variety of periodicals, daily, weekly and monthly. Among all these the vocation of the scholar would seem to be the proper field for a publication rooted in the life of a university. But some further qualification is needed, for scholarship becomes daily more specialized and its work is often excessively technical. The old ideal of a "gentleman's magazine," described by our forefathers as amusing because it was reminiscent of all the nine Muses, and instructive because it was concerned with serious topics competently treated,—this ideal is still perhaps the best pattern for a quarterly which is intended to be neither vocational nor technical and yet remains within the limits of scholarship and academic interests. No policy can be absolutely defined, so the matter must be left with these suggestions and, in addition, the statement that the QUARTERLY is started with the belief that many contributors will find in it an opportunity for which they might otherwise look in vain. The editorial work is carried on by an editor with the assistance of a group of advisors, which includes representatives of many different interests. Neither the contributors nor the advisors are exclusively persons attached to the University, as the scope of the periodical is determined by the character of its material and not by local restrictions.

The editor takes this opportunity to acknowledge the assistance in the production of the first number generously given by his advisors at the University of Toronto and in other parts of Canada.

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FOREWORD

SIR ROBERT FALCONER

THE appearance in Canada of another review under university auspices, should not be taken as an indication that the University of Toronto intends to enter into competition with those who have for a number of years, with much success and at no small cost to themselves, ministered through their publications to the cultural life of the Dominion. They have provided well for wide and diversified interests. The demands of history, also, are well met by the *Canadian Historical Review*, which now for many years has been published by the University of Toronto, under the supervision of a committee of the leading historians of the Dominion. But those who have been responsible for inaugurating this venture are of the opinion that there is an unoccupied place in the fields of literature and of scientific and philosophic thought. These fields are difficult to cultivate; for in not driving the critical ploughshare too deep, it is hard to avoid being superficial. Nor must quality be sacrificed by too strict observance of geographical boundaries. While we fertilise our fields to produce finer home-grown literature and clear thinking, we shall not scorn the seed which has proved its quality in older civilisations.

Over-enthusiasm for and depreciation of one's own are alike to be avoided. But there is a fair appeal to interest in what belongs to us. Therefore it is believed that this QUARTERLY will be welcomed by the graduates of the University of Toronto, and by others who are most naturally associated with its constituency. The right-minded graduate does not forget to value his share in the corporate life of his university; and we may hope that this QUARTERLY, in which an effort will be made to give expression to many phases of the intellectual life of the University, of Canada as a whole, and of the wide world of letters, will be received by him with favour, as well as by many others who are interested in its aims and ideals.

THE PROBLEM OF SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY IN ENGLAND

ERNEST BARKER

I.

THE spiritual experience of humanity may be regarded as the spiritual authority for humanity. The profoundest depths which our race has plumbed; the steepest heights it has climbed—these become, in each sphere of the spirit (art or poetry or religion), the standard or authority for succeeding generations. One of the forms of spiritual experience, a form so distinctive that it is *sui generis*, is that which is called the religious. This is the experience attained, the depths plumbed, the heights climbed, by the Founder of a new faith, and by those who, either in his own days or in after ages, have followed him through the general range of his experience. The religious experience of the Founder and his followers or apostles is the religious authority for those who accept —and not only accept, but also embrace—the fact of that experience. It is the standard or authority of their lives in the religious sphere of the spirit. A passionate belief may long to extend the control of that authority into other spheres of the spirit, and may seek as the belief of the Middle Ages sought, to bring art and letters—truth and beauty—under its sway. It may even seek to carry the control into the material worlds of politics and economics; it may attempt to make States and Societies subordinate to the ultimate canon of religious experience and the authority of that experience. But that lies beyond our scope.

We are concerned with the form of religious experience called Christian; and our inquiry is limited to its pure

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operation in the religious sphere. What are the modes by which it exercises its authority in that sphere? We have assumed that the Christian experience has authority, and *is* authority, for all who accept and embrace the fact of such experience. But where does that experience reside to-day? What is its vehicle? What is the authentic voice, indubitable and final, which carries the essence of experience, and speaks in accents of cogent authority to the professing Christian?

Is it the "Word of God"? The Word, the Scripture, is a record of the primary and essential Christian experience set down by those who knew it at first hand. But can we say that Christian experience ceased, or that its authority became a full and final circle, with the closing of the canon of the Scripture? Even if we say that, and so postulate the finality of the Scripture, we have to face the problem of its interpretation. Different and conflicting interpretations of its meaning exist—differences between commentator and commentator: differences between confession and confession. A conflict of interpretations involves a conflict of authorities. To solve the conflict by assigning final authority to a particular interpreter (Luther or Calvin) is to enthrone the interpretation and to crown the gloss: it is to find an authority beyond the Word, and a sovereign behind the Scripture. To solve it by assigning final authority to the particular interpretation of each individual believer is to surrender the unity and authenticity of Christian experience: it is to dissolve it into flying spray and shifting rainbows. This was the problem which vexed the Reformers of the Sixteenth Century: it is a problem which must continue to trouble all who seek to vindicate single and supreme authority for the Word of God which is contained in the Scriptures.

Is the residence and vehicle of religious authority a Church? A Church cherishes the record of the Christian experience: it cherishes its own interpretation of the record. It may claim a wider and deeper scope. It may claim that its ritual and organization—its sacraments and its methods of government—are a continuing and surviving part of the original Christian experience, proceeding from and instituted by the mind and act of the Founder. It may claim that the experience of its own collective historical life—the decisions of its councils: the pronouncements of its officers: the exaltations of its saints—are continuous with and inseparable from the original experience, which thus becomes amplified and extended from century to century. Apart from such claims, and on the simple basis of the cherishing and the interpretation of the record, we can readily discern how the perpetuation of religious experience inevitably issues in the formation and operation of a Church. That experience, in order to survive and exert its authority, must not merely be recorded in a Word. If it is to be received generally, if it is to be transmitted through generations of mortal men, dependent on the sight of their eyes and the hearing of their ears, it must be incorporated and "re-presented" in a ritual, which is, as it were, the visible and audible recurrence of the original experience, so far as it can be repeated to human sight and hearing. Again a ritual—if it is not to become a mummery, a mutter of voices, and a moving of hands: if it is to have its significance kept alive in the minds of those who attend its repetitions—demands some definition of the essential elements of the experience on which it is based. It demands a complementary creed or symbol. With a ritual and a creed, there emerges an organized society of those attending the ritual and professing the creed; and with the emergence of an

organized society there is involved a system of membership, an organ of deliberation, an officer or officers of administration.

Such a society—either as a whole, or through an organ of deliberation, or in the person of one of its officers—may be said to acquire and exert a religious authority, because it contains and perpetuates an authoritative religious experience, and because it is the vehicle or residence of that experience. In Scotland the Church as a whole, acting through its own general assembly, claims a spiritual authority over its members, as having received from "the Lord Jesus Christ, its Divine King and Head, and from Him alone, the right and power, subject to no civil authority, to legislate, and to adjudicate finally, in all matters of doctrine, worship, government and discipline in the Church."[1] In the history of the Catholic Church we find an organ of deliberation at one time claiming a similar authority. "This Holy Synod of Constance. . . . declares that, being lawfully assembled in the Holy Spirit, constituting a general council and representing the Catholic Church, it hath in itself power immediately from Christ, whereunto each and all, of whatsoever state or dignity, even if it be the Papal, are bound to render obedience in the things that belong to the faith."[2] In the general history of that Church, however, its supreme officer, the Pope, rather than any organ of deliberation, has vindicated right and power. Pius IX in 1870, with the approval of the Vatican Council, laid it down that "the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is to say, when, in the exercise of the office of pastor and doctor of all Christians, and in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines the doctrine to be held by the whole

[1]Church of Scotland Act, 1921, Schedule, IV.
[2]Decree of the 5th Session of the Council of Constance, April 6, 1415.

Church concerning faith or morals. . . .has the power of that infallibility wherewith the divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be furnished in the definition of doctrine concerning faith or morals; and therefore such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are by themselves, and not by the consent of the Church, unalterable."[3]

On this basis a Church, claiming authorization from the will and appointment of its Founder, may vindicate an exclusive religious authority over its members. The Catholic Church acknowledges no limit to this authority, save such as it may voluntarily admit by a concordat made with the Government of a State in regard to its officers and members resident and domiciled in that State. The Scottish Church acknowledges no limit whatever in any way proceeding from the civil authority; but it confesses that the Word of God is its supreme rule of faith and life, and again that any "subordinate standards" which it may frame or adopt must be in agreement with the "principle subordinate standard" of the Westminster Confession of 1643. There are obvious differences between the positions of the two Churches; but they agree in the general conception that the Church is the unique residence of religious or spiritual authority, and exclusively exercises that authority through its own appropriate organs. And it hardly derogates from the unique and exclusive character of this authority that the one Church should admit the limit of concordats which it may itself denounce, or the other that of a Word and a Confession which it must itself interpret.

What, then, is to be said of the State and its authority? Is it excluded altogether from matters "spiritual", and does it possess no share in "spiritual" authority? We

[3]Constitutio Dogmatica Prima of the 4th Session of the Vatican Council, July 18, 1870.

cannot attempt any answer to such questions without some examination of the word "spiritual" and the word "State". The word spiritual is used in many senses. Sometimes it is used in a broader sense, as the antithesis of the word material; and in that broader sense we may speak of a national tradition as spiritual, because it has been constructed by the national spirit during the centuries of its operation. Sometimes it is used in a narrower sense, as the antithesis of the word temporal; and in this narrower sense we speak of spiritual peers, and spiritual courts. In this narrower sense "spiritual" would seem to be a synonym for "ecclesiastical". But the word is also used in a third and intermediate sense, as the equivalent of religious and the antithesis of secular; and it is in this sense that we speak of the spiritual authority or independence of a Church.

The word State has also been used in many senses in history. Here it need only be said that for the purposes of our argument it is only the national State that is in question. A national State is the residence of the general spiritual experience of a nation—of its general spiritual achievements—of the conquests it has made in the sphere of the mind. It carries the authority involved in that experience—the authority inherent in the general spiritual experience of a national life. Shall we call that experience spiritual only in the broader sense of the word in which it is opposed to the purely material? In that case the only experience which is particularly and specifically spiritual—the only experience which can be called religious—will be that of the Church: the only authority which is particularly and specifically spiritual—the only religious authority—will be that which is vested in the Church; and the national State will remain a secular institution which exercises only a secular authority.

That is one alternative. But there is another alternative which may appeal to those who are shy of thinking in terms of divisions and antinomies and antitheses. Where a homogeneous religious experience is common to the bulk of the members of a national society, and is an integral part of the broad and general spiritual tradition of such a society, it is possible to conceive of particular and specific spiritual authority—the "spiritual" authority which really means "religious" authority—as somehow and to some extent vested in the national State which is founded on a national society, or, to speak more exactly, it is possible to conceive such authority as shared and divided, on some system of *condominium* which need not mean any balance of exact parity, between the national State and the Church of the national State. In that case spiritual authority, even in its narrower sense, will not be confined to one form of organization only: State and Church will not be clearly divided; and the sharp edge of antithesis will be blunted.

II.

There is no "verdict of history". But history bristles with evidence which a jury is bound to use. Confronted with the problem of Nation, State and Church, as it presents itself in Great Britain, we naturally turn to our British history. Edinburgh and London have not agreed. But their difference only increases the weight of the testimony which they can offer.

There is a Scottish nationality; but it has not expressed itself only, or mainly, in a political organization. Even before 1603 it was pouring itself into expression in a Church. The trend was accentuated after 1603, when the Monarchy departed from Scotland into the South: it was accentuated again after 1707, when the Scottish

Parliament at Edinburgh was merged in the British Parliament at Westminster. The Scottish Church stood out in a lonely majesty: it stood out as the one expression alike of religious aspiration and of national sentiment. When it spoke of spiritual independence, there was an undertone or echo of Scottish independence behind its speech; and with Scotland at once a Church and a Nation, it was impossible to invoke the authority of the one without invoking, by an inevitable association of ideas, the authority of the other. The general assembly of the Church of Scotland assumed the dignity of an organ of national self-government: its presbyteries and kirk sessions became the channels and institutions of local self-government. The Presbyterian Church is the heir of memories, and of sentiments, which are woven from the double thread of religious belief and of national feeling. We shall hardly understand the insistence of that Church on its spiritual independence and its exclusive spiritual authority unless we remember this inheritance.

The Church of Scotland split (not for the first time) in 1843, on the question of spiritual independence, particularly in the matter of patronage,[1] and there was thus formed a separate Church, called the Free Church, which took its stand by the side of three other dissenting churches which had been formed in 1690, 1733 and 1761. There was no cardinal division of belief between the Free Church and the Church of Scotland: an Act of Parliament removed the offending issue of patronage in 1874; and by the end of the nineteenth century the cause of re-union had already become a living and a growing cause. In 1900 there was a preliminary union between the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church, in one or other of which the different sections of Presbyterianism

[1]See Note A. p. 36.

outside the Church of Scotland had by this time been absorbed. This union created the United Free Church. In one way the union of 1900 presented little difficulty. Neither of the two bodies had any connection with the State: no question was raised by their union of any relation to the State: they were free to meet and to blend in the area of voluntary action which lies outside the State. But they both owed their beginnings to a question of spiritual independence; and they were careful to unite on terms in which the principle of spiritual independence was carefully recited and jealously guarded. The first clause of the Uniting Act declared the agreement of union to be "without prejudice to the inherent liberty of the united Church. . . .to determine and regulate its own constitution and laws. . . .in dependence on the grace of God and under the guidance of His Word". What followed the Union proved how difficult it is even for a free Church to escape the State. A minority of the old Free Church claimed all its property on the ground that one of the particular doctrines of their Church, with which the property was indissolubly connected under a trust deed that could not be varied, had not been safeguarded, or even regarded, in the terms of the Union. The doctrine was that it is "the duty of the civil magistrate to maintain and support an establishment of religion in accordance with God's word". The original Free Church, while it vindicated its own independence, thus asserted at the same time the duty of the State to spend funds on an establishment of religion independent of itself. (This contravenes a generally accepted principle, that where the State spends monies it reviews their expenditure.) The United Presbyterian Church, on the other hand, believed in the more logical position of independence without maintenance: it held that it was not competent for the

State to set up a civil establishment of religion, and that it was not in its province to provide from its resources for the maintenance of such an establishment. The Union of 1900 left these questions open; but the difficulty was that the position of the Free Church could not be left as an open question, since its property was tied to its particular position, and *it had made no provision for altering that position* when it came into being in 1843. The moral of the whole issue is that a Church (or, for that matter, any association) which ties up its future under unalterable fundamentals places itself legally at the mercy of a minority even of one. The case came to the courts of the State: the judicature of the State was thus seized of the issue; it decided in favour of the minority in 1904, on the ground that the property was connected by an invariable trust with the particular doctrine which the Union had failed to safeguard, or even to regard at all. But the small minority which was awarded the property was unable adequately to carry out the general trusts of the property awarded to it; and in any case it seemed inequitable that a small minority should enjoy the property of a whole Church. The case thus came to Parliament as the final remedial authority: the legislature of the State was thus seized of the issue; and by a parliamentary Act of 1905 a Commission was appointed to allocate the disputed property between the minority claiming to constitute the old Free Church and the majority which had joined the new United Free Church.

After the formation of the United Free Church a further project of union came into question. This was the project of uniting the new United Free Church with the Presbyterian Church of Scotland proper. The project was set on foot in 1909, when the two churches agreed to enter into unrestricted conference. But there were

difficulties in the way, which it took twenty years to remove. The fundamental difficulty was that the Church of Scotland, severely and austerely independent of the State as it may seem to an Englishman always to have been, was nevertheless connected with the State in ways which raised qualms of conscience among many Scotsmen. An act of 1690, "for *ratifying* the Confession of Faith and *settling* Presbyterian Church Government", gave the sanction of the Parliament of Scotland to the doctrine and organization of the national Church: and the State thus "established", or at any rate "recognized" the Church of Scotland. No doubt it was good that Presbyterianism should receive recognition as the national form of Church; but the "recognition", after all, was that of the State, and the separation in 1690 of what ultimately became known as the Reformed Presbyterian Church shows the difficulties which were thus raised. The word "establishment" was not actually used in 1690; but the Act of Union of 1707, passed at Westminster, enacted that certain Scottish Acts "for securing the Protestant Religion and Presbyterian Church Government. . . . with the *establishment* therein contained", should be a fundamental condition of the Union. The enactment was meant to safeguard the Scottish Church, but the very safe-guard might seem to be a danger, especially when it was connected with so dangerous a word as "establishment". At the same time it must be confessed that, in its actual operation, the Scottish Church has always enjoyed a singular degree of independence. Its General Assembly has always met and legislated without the "letters of business" and the "license" which are necessary for the meeting and action of a Convocation in England. It has acted as a final court of appeal in ecclesiastical cases: there has not existed, as in England, any appeal to the

Judicial Committee of Privy Council, or any system of "prohibitions" to restrain the action of the Assembly in its judicial capacity. The limitations on spiritual independence have always been formal rather than substantial; and the presence of the Lord High Commissioner at the opening of the General Assembly, as the representative of the King, is a form which has been reduced by Scottish ingenuity to the shadow of a form: for the assembly begins its meeting, under its own Moderator, before the Commissioner appears, and continues it, under its own Moderator, after he has disappeared. Strictly, the Commissioner is not in the meeting at all. None the less it might be contended, as things stood in 1909, that the General Assembly was bound by the law of the land, in the sense that it was limited by the laws which had "ratified" or "established" the doctrine and government of the Church of Scotland. There was no substantial control; but there was the legal possibility of future control, and there was the legal shadow of past action which might be interpreted as control.

This possibility, and this shadow, had to be removed if the United Free Church was ever to be united to the Church of Scotland. Accordingly, with a view to facilitate the Union, Parliament passed in July, 1921, the Church of Scotland Act, declaring (in effect) the principle of the independence of the Church of Scotland in matters spiritual, repealing and annulling statutes and laws affecting the Church of Scotland in so far as they were inconsistent with that principle, and enacting, with a maximum of respect for the principle, that the declaration of independence should only come into effect *after* the adoption of that declaration by the General Assembly with the consent of the majority of Presbyteries. There is nothing in English legislation which transcends, or

approaches, the metaphysical rarity of this Act. Parliament had (1) to make the Scottish Church independent, and yet (2) to do so without any making, because (1) the Church would not have been indubitably independent if Parliament had not made it so, and yet (2) it would have been but dubiously independent if it was Parliament which had made it independent. This statement seems paradoxical, or even contradictory; but the paradox goes further, as we shall see, and it is inherent in the whole Act.

The principle of spiritual independence is declared in a schedule of nine articles. We may resume in four propositions some of the essential elements in the schedule. (1) There is an inherent spiritual authority in the Church, not derived from the State, or limited by the State, but derived from the divine Head of the Church, and limited only by the Word of God as its supreme rule of faith and life. (2) The extent of this authority is the right and power, subject to no civil authority, to legislate and to adjudicate finally in all matters of doctrine, worship, government and discipline. (3) The vehicle of this authority is a General Assembly, which includes lay representatives, acting with the consent of two-thirds of the Presbyteries of the whole of the Church. (4) The authority of the Church, acting in this sphere and through this vehicle, runs concurrently with that of the State, when acting in its sphere through the civil magistrate; and all questions concerning the mutual relations of the two are determined by each for itself.

The last of these propositions demands some amplification. At first it seems as if a system of clean separation were intended, and as if Antinomy and Antithesis were the reigning king and queen. There are matters spiritual, and there are matters temporal or civil: there are "respective spheres": there are separate authorities. But there is

a unity, after all, which is somehow mixed with the dualism. A religious people, such as the Scottish, cannot be content to regard the State as a blank bare wall of secularism. On the one hand they will desire the State to recognize religion, because religion is a rule of life, and the State is concerned, in its way, with rules of life. On the other hand they will desire that the State should be recognized, existing as it does in a world planned by God, as part of His plan, and therefore divine. It is accordingly stated, in the Schedule to the Church of Scotland Act of 1921, that there is "a duty of the nation acting in its corporate capacity" (a phrase which suggests the embryo of a national State) "to render homage to God" and "to honour His Church". It is equally stated that "the Church acknowledges the divine appointment and authority of the civil magistrate within his own sphere". On this basis the State, on its side, has a duty towards the Church, and recognizes, if it does not establish, the Church; and the Church, on its side, has a duty towards the State, and recognizes, or at any rate acknowledges, the religious character, or divine authority, of the Government of the State within its own sphere. The connection is carried further in another passage of the schedule, in which the Church of Scotland is described as "a national Church, representative of the Christian Faith of the Scottish *people*". This implies that the Church, whatever its distinction from the State, is coextensive with the nation or people. The Church is not a purely ecclesiastical society or confession—a group among other groups within the Nation. It is rather the nation itself: it is "national" and "representative of the people". It is clear that the union consummated in 1929 will make the Church of Scotland more clearly national. A fully united Presbyterian Church of Scotland will be nearly as wide as

the Nation, and in its General Assembly, acting with the consent of the Presbyteries, it will possess a nationally representative organization. The body which claims spiritual authority will obviously be a nation as well as a church, and it will claim authority *de facto*, if not *de jure*, in a double capacity. The double thread of religious belief and national feeling, of which we have already spoken, will be more than ever visible.

III.

A body of opinion in the Church of England, concerned for "life and liberty", has begun to look across the Border for light and guidance. It is far from clear that spiritual independence claimed for a Church which is also a Nation affords a presumption in favour of spiritual independence claimed for a Church which is to shed its national character, and to become a confession, in the process of acquiring independence. The Scottish Church has always been implicated in the Nation, and that implication has hardly been diminished—indeed it may prove to have been increased—by the change through which it has recently passed. The English Church also has always been implicated in the Nation, and it has also (unlike the Scottish, or to a far greater extent than the Scottish) been implicated in the State; owing, one may say, to the fact that in England the Nation has for long centuries also been a State, and in Scotland that has not been the case. A change which seriously diminished the nature or the extent of this implication would be a change very different in character from any which has taken place in Scotland.

Before there is any shedding of an historic past, it is good to take stock of that past and to estimate its value.

Beginning with the Reformation, we may say that while the national spirit in Scotland was pouring itself into a Church, and leaving the State aside as secondary and separate, the national spirit in England was pouring itself into the national State for its satisfaction, and yet at the same time, far from leaving the Church aside, was pouring itself also for further satisfaction into a national Church regarded as coextensive with the national State. Andrew Melville preached that "there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland; that is, King James the head of the Commonwealth, and there is Christ Jesus, the King of the Church, whose subject King James VI is, and of whose kingdom he is. . . .but a member." Hooker, at the same time, was teaching the doctrine of the *one* society. "In a free Christian State or Kingdom. . . .one and the self-same people are the Church and the Commonwealth. We mean by the Commonwealth (or State) that society with relation unto all public affairs thereof, only the matter of true religion excepted; by the Church, the same society, with only reference unto the matter of true religion, without any other affairs besides."

The one society of which Hooker wrote was not only a single society: it was also united under a single government, so that the sovereign in civil causes had a supreme power in ecclesiastical affairs. Such perfect unity was from the first of the nature of a dream, and it became still more of a dream with the passage of time. The rise of Non-conformity, its solidification in 1662, its toleration in 1689, made large breaches in the fabric of unity. The identity of Church and Commonwealth might seem to be lost when a considerable section of the Commonwealth had seceded from the Church. But England has never entirely shed the old system of ideas; and some may say that she has never escaped the confusion of thought which they

feel to be involved in that system. In the first place, we have never come to regard the English Church as a society separate in its membership from the membership of the national State. The Church is still the Church of the nation: every Englishman (unless he be unbaptised or ex-communicated or an evil liver) can claim its offices: "parishioners have a legal right to demand from their parson. . . .all. . . .ministrations belonging to the cure of souls." In the second place, we have never come to regard the English Church as possessing an independent spiritual authority inherent in itself. On the contrary, in the view which still controls our public life (though it is not the view of all churchmen) the Church is built into the fabric of the State, and the State into that of the Church; and the exercise of any authority which may be called spiritual, if we distinguish such a variety of authority, issues from the operation of the interconnected and interpenetrated structure of Church-and-State.

It is true that the English Church long continued, largely by way of inheritance from pre-Reformation days, to exercise, through its officers and its courts, an authority called "spiritual". Education was under the control of the bishop, in the sense that his license was necessary for teachers: jurisdiction lay with the bishops' courts in cases of defamation and sexual immorality; and they also exercised a cognisance, down to 1857, in testamentary and matrimonial affairs. But it cannot be said that such control and jurisdiction, now gone, were inherent. They may be called permissive, or even delegated. The law which the church administered, and by which it acted, was the law of the land: the final interpretation of that law lay with the courts of the land; and it was liable to modification by the national Parliament. The State thus felt itself free, without serious question, to take over from the

sphere of the Church matters once regarded as spiritual. It now exercises, in its courts, jurisdiction in all manner of cases once called spiritual. It controls education, including the certification of teachers and the giving, in its schools, of a form of religious instruction under conditions determined by itself.

The lost provinces may be called, from the point of view of the Church, "extra-mural". They were once called "spiritual": but they may be said to be spiritual only in the sense in which the word is identical with "ecclesiastical", and to lie outside the inner wall within which the sanctuary and the spirit of the Church reside. Let us turn, therefore, to the more specifically spiritual province in which the Church lives an "intra-mural" life. It is the province of its own doctrine, worship, government and discipline. That province, as it stood on the eve of the war in 1914, may be said to have been a province of concurrent authority. State and Church organs both acted within it; and it had become the general principle and practice, at any rate in the important sphere of legislation, that neither acted without the consent of the other. Parliament in practice, if not as a matter of constitutional obligation, legislated for the Church with the concurrence of the Convocations; and on the other hand the Convocations, by constitutional obligation, could only meet, legislate and promulgate legislation with the consent of the King, which meant, in effect, the consent of the King's Ministers who possessed the confidence of Parliament. It was a partnership, but a partnership less equal than many desired. Parliament, which had taken over from the Crown the supreme power in ecclesiastical causes after its triumph in 1688, seemed the dominant partner. But it was a partner too busy with many affairs to busy itself greatly with the affairs

of the Church; and meanwhile the Convocations, restricted in their membership to clergy, and restricted in their activity by the limitations to which they were subject, were unable to act themselves or to stimulate Parliament into activity. The partnership was thus marked not only by some inequality, but also by much inactivity; and even if the principle of partnership were not revised, some revision of its practice which would ensure greater equality and a larger activity seemed necessary.

Already, in 1913, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York had appointed a committee "on Church and State", to inquire "what changes are advisable in order to secure in the relations of Church and State a fuller expression of the spiritual independence of the Church as well as of the national recognition of religion." (The connection between spiritual independence and national recognition deserves notice.) The Committee reported in 1916. They stated their belief "that the Church of England has inherent authority to deal with all matters of doctrine, ritual and worship, as affecting its own members, and to determine all questions of membership". They proposed that the Church should create a Church Council, over and above the existing Convocations of Canterbury and York, "with full powers to legislate on all matters concerning the Church". They added, however, that "in the department of legislation we think that, in return for such freedom as we have claimed from the State, churchmen should feel no difficulty about the retention of the veto of Parliament as well as of the Crown". On the basis of this Report, in 1919, Parliament passed an Enabling Act, empowering a church council, if and when it should come into existence, to deliberate on all matters concerning the Church of England, and to make provision in respect

thereof, subject to the proviso that any measure making such provision should be subject to disallowance by a vote to that effect in either House of Parliament. In 1920 the Church, acting through its old Convocations, called into existence the National Assembly of the Church of England—a tricameral body which henceforth took its place by the side of the two bicameral Convocations of Canterbury and York. The difference between the new National Assembly and the old Convocations was two-fold. In the first place it was a national body: they were "provincial" bodies. In the second place it contained, in its third House, a representation of the laity: the Convocations were clerical bodies. In its national scope and its more comprehensive membership the National Assembly adds new and valuable elements to the Church of England. At the same time it is important to notice the method by which its House of the Laity is elected. The members of that House are not directly elected, like the members of Parliament. They are elected by the lay members of Diocesan Conferences, who in turn are elected (in the main), either directly or *indirectly*, by members of the Church who are entered as such on the parochial rolls. Indirect election is seldom a source of strength to any deliberative body. There is another consideration in regard to the National Assembly which also deserves notice—a consideration which relates not to one House but to the whole body: not to its composition, but to its operation. In the Church of Scotland any measures which affect the constitution of the Church in matters spiritual are transmitted by the General Assembly to the Presbyteries, and require the consent of not less than two-thirds of the whole of the Presbyteries. This is a provision which may be said to be analogous to the provisions for constitutional amendment in the Constitu-

tion of the United States. It is a provision of obvious value. No such provision applies to the measures of the National Assembly. At the same time we have to remember that the measures of that Assembly are subject to parliamentary disallowance; and such disallowance may be held to be a substitute for the consent of the presbyteries required in Scotland.

IV.

This was the reformed English system which came into operation ten years ago. It was still a system of interpenetration of Church and State: it was still a system of partnership. But the partnership was less of an unequal partnership: the Church, through its new Assembly, had a greater power of iniative; and the Church was in consequence more free to deal with the problems of ritual, worship, discipline and government. Under these conditions two factors were operative in the Church, which it is easy to distinguish and difficult to divide. One was the factor of reform—the zest for setting the house of the Church in order. The other was the factor of independence—the feeling that the Church must be master within the four walls of its house, even if the house was curiously dovetailed with the adjoining and interconnected house of the State. The Church Assembly set to work: but it began to discover that the Enabling Act of 1919 was not a charter of independence. A measure for erecting a bishopric of Shrewsbury was rejected by the House of Lords; a measure for dealing with the city churches was rejected by the House of Commons. Both of these measures were concerned with the government and administration of the Church; but neither of them could be said, in any strict sense of the word, to be con-

cerned with "spiritual matters", and neither of them, as the Archbishop of York has said, "troubled the Church's inner life". It was more serious, infinitely more serious, when in 1927 and again in 1928 the House of Commons rejected a Prayer Book Measure. That measure dealt with the ritual and worship of the Church; and if we cannot call such a measure "spiritual", what can we call by that name?

We are thus brought back again to that question of spiritual independence which seemed, but only seemed, to have been settled in 1919-1920. In truth the settlement then made was singularly true to the English genius, and singularly different from the genius of Scotland. The Scotch had gone down to the ultimate questions, and hewn their way, with a sort of incisive metaphysic, to the very root of the matter. The English had left the ultimate question untouched: they had attempted a "practical" solution, which, they trusted, would "somehow work". We do not face the ultimate question of sovereignty in our Empire, and yet the Empire works: in the same way we did not face the ultimate question of "spiritual authority" in regard to the relations of our Church and State, but we trusted we should none the less be able to say, "And yet. . . ." The Archbishops' Committee which reported in 1916 declared that they did "not think that it would be found possible to delimit the sphere within which the Church Council is to be recognized as having power to legislate". They declared that the Church had *inherent* authority to deal with certain matters: they did not delimit the sphere of these matters; and they proposed that the Church should be left, as it has been left, to exercise an *inherent* authority subject to the condition that another body, exercising (*ex hypothesi*) another authority, should necessarily concur. We are

left in a dilemma which appears beyond the reach of any reconciliation. On the one hand Parliament may justly address the Church in some such terms as these. "We are only exercising a right of disallowance which was proposed in the Report of your Archbishops' Committee, and expressed in the Enabling Act to which, far from making any objection, you gave a most hearty welcome. Not only so, but we are trustees both of the Reformation settlement and of the great Revolution settlement of England and Scotland made between 1688 and 1707. These settlements were made by parliament, and can only be varied by parliament. The Prayer Book is part of these settlements—of both of these settlements. We do not say that it shall never be altered—though there *is* a clause of the Act of Union in 1707 which recites an English Statute making "perpetual" the Acts of Uniformity, and further declares the maintenance of those Acts to be a "fundamental and essential condition" of the Union. We do not say, we repeat, that it shall never be altered (for a Parliament does not tie its own hands even by an act of Union); but we do say that we are entitled, and not only entitled but bound, and that by the whole policy of England for the last 400 years, to concur in its alteration." On the other hand we may imagine the Church also addressing Parliament in its own terms. "We cannot disagree with your view of law and history. But there are things which lie beyond law and history. On legal and historical grounds you are within your rights. But are you within your rights on the principles which shall properly govern the exercise of spiritual authority? We do not look at the past: we put ourselves on the ground of the present—though we contend that the principles we now follow have always been true, and have always been valid, however little they may have been asserted or

allowed in the last 400 years. In our view the Church has inherent authority, arising from its spiritual character, to deal with all matters of doctrine, worship and ritual affecting its own members. In the past it was conceived as coexistent with the Nation: it was therefore conceived as inextricably connected with the national State: it was therefore, in the strength of these conceptions, brought under the authority of the Parliament of that State. *Tempora mutantur; et nos mutamur in illis.* The Church is not now co-existent with the Nation: there is therefore no reason why it should be inextricably connected with the national State; there is therefore no reason why it should come under the authority of Parliament—all the less as Parliament, for the last hundred years, has been open to members of other Churches, and indeed of no Church at all. The Church of England, as it stands to-day (may we not even say "as it has always stood"? —for it has never really embraced the whole Nation), is a Church composed, in its essence, only of its own professed members, who have faith in the authority of the spiritual experience which it represents. It belongs accordingly to them, or to the organs through which they act, to define the ritual and to regulate the worship which repeats and renews that experience".

It must be admitted, as this brief dialogue of Parliament and the Church has already suggested, that the logic of our position is very far from being plain, and that it is exceedingly easy to argue at cross purposes. Time has brought it changes, but the scheme of our national life seems unresponsive to time. Our national scheme has for centuries been, and still in some measure continues to be, a scheme of interpenetration—not so much a suppression of spiritual society, spiritual authority and spiritual independence, as the profession of a doctrine of *one* single

society, which is both civil and ecclesiastical, secular and spiritual, with the parliament and government of a single polity controlling, not without due respect for the decisions of the Church's Assembly and its episcopate in "causes ecclesiastical", the general life of the whole society. When we reflect on the eighteenth century we must admit that the organs of the Church have a greater weight in the working of the system than they had two hundred years ago. But there have been other and graver changes in the last two hundred years. On the showing of a religious census attempted by William III, no less than 96 per cent. of the population belonged to the Church. At the present time the number of electors on the parochial rolls is one-tenth of the population of England. Nor are parliament and government any longer composed of persons who are necessarily members of the Church. They are open to Englishmen irrespective of creed or belief; they are also open to Scotchmen, Welshmen and Ulstermen. Yet parliament and government, organs of the whole community of Great Britain and (in certain respects only) Northern Ireland, are none the less concerned with the ritual and worship of a Church which, far from being coexistent with that community, is not even co-extensive, and is a long way from being co-extensive with the community of England.

The Church of England was an established United Church of England, Wales and Ireland till 1869. It was not a Church for Scotland—where Presbyterianism was the established or recognized religion—but there was nothing to prevent Scottish members of parliament, from 1707 onwards, from joining in debates and decisions about its affairs. The Church in Ireland was disestablished in 1869: that in Wales in 1920. The Church is now an established Church in England alone; but members

of Parliament for Wales and Northern Ireland, as well as for Scotland, have a voice in its affairs. If ever there were a system of devolution, and a separate English parliament, this anomaly might be remedied. It may well be asked whether such a confusion can persist. It may well be contended that the Church of England, in its true character, is a religious society within the State, analogous to the free churches which are also so contained; that, in virtue of that character, it possesses in principle, and should possess in fact, the attribute of spiritual independence in the intra-mural affairs of doctrine, ritual, worship and membership; and that, in virtue of that attribute, it exercises, or should exercise, an exclusive spiritual authority of its own over its own members in these respects.

We are thus face to face with the conception of the Church of England as a confession—a *communitas perfecta*, as Suarez would have said, *quae est capax politicae gubernationis*. So conceived, it is, on the one hand, free: *perfectum regimen et moralem unionem habet*. But so conceived it is also, on the other hand, divorced from and less than the general community: it is a *pars ratione totius imperfecta*, even if it also be *in se spectata perfecta*. We must not forget this second result of "imperfection". When we consider it, we shall realize that a free confessional Church of England would be something different from the free national Church of Scotland. It would not be "representative of the Christian faith of the English people": it would be representative of the faith of its own particular members. But leaving aside, for the moment, this second result of imperfection, we may turn to the first result, which is that of a "perfection" issuing in the "capacity of self-government". In pressing the first result Dr. Figgis appealed to the verdict of political

philosophy. He pleaded the "real personality" of groups in general, and therefore of groups ecclesiastical: he pleaded the "inherent right" of such real group-persons to self-government. Of the doctrine of the real personality of groups it can only be said that it is a highly dubious doctrine. But even if it be assumed, the doctrine does not carry the consequence of inherent rights. No person, however real, has inherent or natural rights. Every person, and every group of persons, can only possess rights, which are genuinely rights in the full sense of the word, by virtue of the general recognition of the community; and rights which are dependent on recognition cannot be at the same time inherent. If we make the Church a group among groups, a group like other groups, and vindicate "inherent rights" for it on that basis, we shall not succeed.

The real question is not whether the Church is a group like other groups, but whether it is a group unlike other groups. The Archbishop of York, Dr. Temple, in a passage at the end of his lectures on *Christianity and the State*, asserts that, in the matter of the Church's position, "the fundamental question is the right of any association within the community to live its own life". So far, he links religious association with other associations. But on the next page he asserts that in "upholding its own spiritual autonomy the Church is asserting on behalf of all associations *concerned with the higher values* their right to live their own lives." The words italicized make a world of difference. It is not the association as such which in itself carries rights in virtue of being a continuing group of persons. It is, if we use that word, the "value" represented by the association, the value carried (like an ark) on the shoulders of the members, the value resident in their minds and energetic in their wills, which is the

title to rights. It is the content of the association, rather than the containing group, or any supposed containing "personality" of the group, which has to be considered, appreciated, and judged. We may call that content by the name of a "value". We may call it, with perhaps more justice, an "organizing idea", around which, in a common devotion, the persons entertaining and embracing the idea fall into their places and form a scheme. We may call it, again, by the name of the "spiritual experience" of the group—a spiritual experience which results in a growing body of apprehended purposes, and thus produce a will for purposes as well as a belief in itself.

Let us adopt the name of spiritual experience. Let us remember that we are concerned with the form of such experience which is particularly and specifically spiritual—in other words, with religious experience. Such experience carries rights—the right of growth on its own account: the right of realizing purposes. But at this point, and before we allow ourselves to be carried forward to conclusions in favour of exclusive independence and exclusive authority, there is a crucial question which has already been mentioned, in the beginning of this paper, but still remains to be faced. Does the content of religious experience, and with it the authority which it carries, reside uniquely in a Church as such? If it does, we may admit that a church is a self-contained *communitas perfecta* for all the purposes of its inner life. Or does that content also reside, in some way and to some extent, in a Nation? In that case, there will be some interpenetration of Church and Nation: the Nation will have a content of religious experience as well as the Church; and the National State which is based on the Nation may enter into some system of partnership with the Church.

V.

It is an old tendency to identify *populus* with *respublica:* it is a modern tendency, since the French Revolution, to identify *la Nation* and *l'État*, and to ascribe sovereignty (which is an attribute of the State) to the Nation. But a people (in the broader sense in which it is a folk, and not an electorate) is not an institution of public law; and the community of a Nation is something deeper than a State. The modern State may indeed be defined as a legal incorporation of a Nation, for the immediate legal purpose of recognizing and guaranteeing rights of persons, and thereby for the ultimate general purpose of promoting that free development of persons which becomes possible when they are vested with recognized and guaranteed rights. But if the State is the national society incorporated in a legal association (under a memorandum of association which is called a constitution), the national society continues to exist after, and behind, the incorporation. Behind the institutions and laws, the machinery and the rules of the State, there lives the Nation, a society of minds united by a common mental content, which we may call, if we will, the national "tradition", or the general "experience" of the national life. That tradition is general and inclusive, as the Nation itself is general and inclusive. It includes religious beliefs and aspirations: it includes a rich variety of general social beliefs and aspirations—economic, educational, philanthropic. These beliefs and aspirations are represented by groups; by religious groups, and by a multiplicity of general social groups. But the Nation includes these groups, as the tradition of the Nation includes their beliefs and aspirations. A national society is not a vacuous and colourless synthesis of richly and variously coloured groups. It is

itself coloured by the groups it contains, and it colours in turn the groups which are contained in it. A Nation is a society in which groups colour one another, colour the whole, and are coloured by the whole. To call a nation "secular" would be to belie its catholicity. It is filled with the general fullness of national life on all its sides. We cannot banish religious experience from the general experience and traditions of the nation. It is part of it, integrally part of it: for it has been wrought into its stuff by the centuries. In the same way we cannot banish religious society from the body and contexture of the nation. It is part of it; integrally part of it. If, therefore, there are religious beliefs and aspirations, if there is religious society, within the ambit of a nation, then they are parts of the nation; and the nation is coloured, tinctured and determined in its being—to the extent of their operation—by their existence as parts of itself.

But we have to enquire whether some chemical change may not result, and some stiffening of life and fading of colour may not be involved, when the organization of a State is superimposed on the rich social life of the Nation. If the State is primarily, as has just been said, a legal association, does it not follow, upon that basis, that it is also lay—lay in the sense of being only concerned with external and legal relations, and therefore only concerned with religious groups so far as they enter into such relations? The State may regulate churches in the sphere of such legal relations—their holding of property; their action under trust deeds; their use of endowments—but what has the State to do with them otherwise? How can it, or any of its organs (even Parliament), have any say in the inner questions of Church life—the questions of doctrine, ritual, worship and membership?

We are here face to face with the conception of what

Dr. Henson, the Bishop of Durham, in a recent work, has called the "modern secularized State". The secularized State is hardly modern. It was described by an anonymous Calvinist writer, with an abundant realization of its nature, as long ago as 1580; and it was described still earlier by Gregory VII. But the conception of a secular State in the writer of 1580 is based on the conception of a secular *populus*.[1] He distinguishes between two peoples—the "particular people" (*peculiaris populus*) consonant with the order of things terrestrial, and the "spiritual people" of the New Testament; and on the basis of that distinction he builds up two kingdoms—a wordly political kingdom, or secular state, "which suffers itself not, in any way, to be ruled by the Holy Gospel", and "the celestial kingdom of Christ, with its own spiritual government, power, judgment and constitution". If, however, we start from the conception of the single community (the community which in modern times is generally the Nation); if we conceive that community as including religious tradition and experience in its general spiritual tradition and experience; if we regard that community as embracing a religious group, not as a bracket encloses numbers, but as a life includes a life; and if on this basis we seek to understand the State, because it is on this basis that it is built, we shall hardly arrive at a secularized State. There are countries in which the secularized State exists, but it exists as an imperfect reflection and translation and incorporation of national society. The true State, though it be but a legal association, must none the less be an incorporation of the Nation at large. There is no reason why it should not—on the contrary there is reason why it should—reflect the length and breadth and depth of the Nation. If therefore religion, and a religious

[1]See Note B. p. 36

group be part of that length and breadth and depth, the State may, in the first place, include that element in its constitutional structure, as bishops are included in the House of Lords: it may, in the second place, regard that element in the process of its own ordinary legislation, as the Education Act of 1870 made religious instruction a part of the curriculum of State schools; and it may even conceivably, because it includes and regards that element, be itself in some measure concerned, through the Parliament which summarizes and comprehends the broad scope of its activity, in the process of ecclesiastical legislation. Such a State is not inconceivable, even in the twentieth century. And such a State may conceivably contrive to endure in England.

NOTE A.—By an Act of the General Assembly of 1834 a majority of the members of a congregation might refuse to accept the nominee of a patron to a vacant benefice. When congregations acted on this Act, and appeal was made on behalf of patrons to the Courts of the State, the Courts upheld the legal rights of patrons. The issue of freedom from patronage thus developed into an issue of freedom from the State. A parliamentary Act of 1874 vested all appointments in the congregations of churches, and provided compensation for patrons in respect of the rights thus extinguished. It granted the fundamental contention of the Free Church, subject to the legal principle of respect for "vested rights".

It may help to guide the reader through what is something of a wilderness if the following facts are further stated for his information. A. There have been four secessions from the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which was established, or at any rate "recognized", by a Scottish parliamentary Act in 1690. (1) The secession of 1690 created the Reformed Presbyterian Church; (2) that of 1733 the Secession Church; (3) that of 1761 the Relief Church; and (4) that of 1843 the Free Church. B. There have also been four unions, beginning in 1847, which have reduced the five churches that existed after 1843 to the one Presbyterian Church of Scotland which exists to-day. (1) The Union of 1847 brought together the Secession Church of 1733 and the Relief Church of 1761 in the United Presbyterian Church, which lasted until 1900. This left only four churches. (2) The Union of 1876 brought together the Reformed Presbyterian Church of 1690 and the Free Church of 1843. This left only three churches. (3) The Union of 1900 brought together the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church in a single United Free Church. (4) This left only two—the United Free Church and the original Church—and they were united in 1929.

NOTE B.—The writer, said to be a "great and pious man", is reported in the *Acta Pacificationis Coloniensis* of 1580. He argues that personally the magistrate may be, but need not be, a Christian. If he is personally and privately a Christian he is personally and privately bound by Christian principle. But impersonally, and in respect of his office, he has nothing to do with Christianity, even in the way of protection and preservation of religion and faith. "The office of the secular magistrate is an external secular office of the order of things terrestrial: it has a particular power of its own, particular statutes and judgments: it belongs

to a particular people: it differs, as earth and heaven differ, from the celestial kingdom of Christ, from its spiritual government, power, judgment and constitution, and from the spiritual people of the New Testament". . . "It argues ill teaching and wrong instruction of the magistracy, that they have allowed themselves, in respect of their office, to be put into the place of God and the kingdom of the grace of Christ, so that they should rule and govern therein, and therein command and forbid. . . For the world, for whose sake the magistracy has been especially ordained by God, suffers itself not in any way to be ruled by the Holy Gospel. . . And it argues ill teaching and wrong instruction of the magistracy that it hath allowed itself to be persuaded that the spiritual kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the secular political kingdom (which are both indeed in this world, but of which each has its own course and order), are one; when none the less they differ from one another as far as heaven and earth, flesh and spirit, life and death, the temporary and the eternal." This is Andrew Melville's "two kingdoms" pushed to one extreme logical conclusion. The general Calvinist theory of the sixteenth century, like that of the Church of Scotland to-day, tended to identify *ecclesia* and *populus*, and was not committed to a doctrine of "two peoples".

ENERGY AND ACTION

A. S. Eve

IT is necessary from time to time either to coin a new word to convey a new meaning, or to use an old word to serve a fresh purpose or idea. The precise meaning given to "energy" by Rankine is now well appreciated, with the further qualification that it may be either due to motion (kinetic), or due to position or shape (potential). All moving masses—air, rivers, projectiles and fly-wheels—have this capacity to do work in virtue of their motion, and the modern term kinetic energy replaces the historically interesting "vis viva"—the living force! The vis viva of a moving body was measured by its *mass* (or weight) multiplied by the *square of its velocity*, and kinetic energy is one-half of this quantity. There is nothing mystical about the one-half, it is merely a matter of mathematical convenience. It makes not much difference whether a man buys wine by the pint or by the quart, unless it makes a difference in the amount that he consumes.

As to potential energy, the possibility of work is ensured when the weights of a clock are raised by winding, and again, when a watch is wound up, coiling up the mainspring.

Man's personal appreciation of energy or work is well achieved by shovelling snow, or raising earth from a ditch. If he lifts say eleven pounds through five feet he will have done fifty-five foot-pounds of work; exactly the same as raising five pounds through eleven feet, or fifty-five pounds through one foot, and so on. If the man does that in one second, he is working at one-tenth of a horse-power; that is his *rate* of doing work. Power is measur-

ed by the amount of work done, divided by the time of doing it.

Here we can boldly approach the main theme of this article by asking—what sort of thing would you get, if instead of *dividing* the work by the time, you were to *multiply* the work by the time? The answer is that whilst energy divided by time is called *power* (and sometimes activity), work multiplied by time is called *action*, a subject of paramount interest and importance, well known to the mathematician, and little appreciated as yet by any others, except a few leading physicists. The conservation of energy, the idea that energy can never be either destroyed or made out of nothing, is a modern conception, but it is familiar to all educated men; the dissipation of energy, or the fact that energy has a tendency to leak away from hot bodies to cold, and thereby to become unavailable either for a machine or for a living being, is to-day well and widely understood; but the idea of action having a minimum value, or, more strictly, a stationary (maximum or minimum) value, is almost foreign to quite enlightened people.

This famous principle has an interesting history, it is one of the most fundamental in Nature, and, finally, it has a great importance in the scheme of the Universe, because action is truly atomic, it sets a final inevitable limit to the size of things, and it is entangled with the great modern principle, due to Heisenberg, of uncertainty, which to-day does so greatly perturb the minds of philosophers, and of determinists, and of those religious bodies whose way of thought is bound up with the questions whether their will is, or is not, free, and their fate predestined.

The history of least action is bound up with the history of human thought and experience. The bending

of rays of light as they passed from water, or glass, into the air, or in the reverse direction, received consideration from the great astronomer Ptolemy of Alexandria, author of the *Almagest*, who died in 168 A.D. Laplace states that Ptolemy pointed out that light leaving, say, a candle, and reflected at a plane mirror, proceeds to the eye by the shortest, and because the speed of light in air is uniform, by also the quickest route. The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection in the case of any mirror. In the case of refraction, the correct law was finally discovered by Snell of Leyden (1581-1626), an infant prodigy who, at the age of twelve, was acquainted with the standard mathematical works of that day. The great Descartes (1596-1650), first of the modern school of mathematicians, repeated Snell's experiments and restated his law of refraction: and then began the great controversy as to the cause of the bending.

It is a familiar experience to all travellers, whether by foot, horse, motor car, or aeroplane, to consider the best route from one place to another. On foot even a poor trail is better than a pathless track through bush, swamp, or jungle. In a car a good but long road is sometimes quicker and less destructive than a short cut along a bad route. In the air it may be wise to circumvent a thunder or snow storm, and in all cases it is necessary to allow for the wind. We may inquire, then, whether light travels by the shortest road or by the quickest route; whether there is a tendency to save distance of travel or time of travel. This question leads to a long and interesting controversy.

The elder John Bernoulli (1667-1748) conceived of "forces" at the boundary line between, say, air and water, which forces were proportional to the index of refraction, and ingeniously obtained Snell's Law.

The younger John Bernoulli (1710-1790) worked with whirlpools in a fluid aether where centrifugal forces kept them apart, thus avoiding all "action at a distance," the old bugbear of natural philosophers and anticipating Kelvin's effort towards a "vortex-sponge aether." He assumed longitudinal vibrations in the aether, although such vibrations had been shown by Newton to be unsatisfactory as an aid towards an explanation of light. The main controversy was waged between Descartes and Fermat. Descartes and his followers claimed that light travelled faster in the denser, as compared with the lighter medium such as air. This is perhaps a necessary consequence of a corpuscular theory, and experiment has finally proved the fact to be otherwise : light actually travels more slowly through glass, or water, than through air.

Fermat (1601-1665), who did so much, and wrote so little, was guided by a metaphysical idea that "Nature always acts by the shortest course," and, assuming that light travelled more slowly in the denser medium, nevertheless established "the same proportion for the refraction which Monsieur Descartes has established." It will be noted that Fermat's principle is really one of the quickest route, and he divided every element of the path by the speed of light over that element, adding them all together, or integrating them, as the mathematician states, and the sum total, the time occupied, must be the least possible. In plain words, light does what most travellers endeavour to do, in every point-to-point race : it saves time rather than distance.

Into this controversy plunged a comedy-tragedy picturesque personality named Maupertuis—Pierre Louis Moreau de Maupertuis (1698-1759), immortalized by Voltaire in *The Diatribe of Dr. Akakia.* He was born at

St. Malo, he entered the army, and like so many soldiers of fame, he spent his leisure time in mathematical studies, so that in 1723 he was elected to the French Academy of Sciences, and in 1728 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1736 he went on an expedition to Lapland to measure with accuracy a degree of longitude and thence to determine the eccentricity of the earth's surface. If the earth was a perfect sphere a degree of longitude would have the same length in all latitudes, and its divergence from equality permits us to deduce by how much the polar is shorter than the equatorial diameter. This quite notable achievement attracted the attention of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, who invited him to Berlin. He was taken prisoner by the Austrians at the battle of Mollwitz, and on returning to Paris was elected Director of the Academy of Science. Four years later (1744) he went again to Berlin and was made President of the Royal Academy of Sciences, where he soon became involved in a controversy with Koenig,[1] with whom Voltaire, also in Berlin, sided. On the other hand, the King upheld his President. Voltaire wrote his ever fresh and humorous *Diatribe du Monsieur Akakia*, and showed it to Frederick, who was immensely amused but forbad publication, as he had no wish to have his famous savant exposed to public ridicule. Here was a conflict of vanities! The temptation was too strong for Voltaire, who had his lampoon published outside the country, but its fame was immediate, and when copies found their way into his capital, "the King's countenance was full of wrath," and he drove Voltaire from his country, where at the boundary he and his niece were subjected to indignities known to all the world. Now all this hap-

[1]Bibliothécaire de madame la princesse Orange et Professeur à La Haye.

pened mainly in consequence of the question as to whether light travels faster or slower in the denser medium!

Maupertuis founded his views on metaphysical grounds, "Motive principe est une suite necessaire de l'emploi le plus sage de cette puissance," *i.e.*, "la puissance du Createur." On this point of view Whewell wrote later in his *History of the Inductive Sciences*, "Maupertuis conceived that he could establish *a priori* by theological arguments, that all mechanical changes must take place in the world so as to occasion the least possible quantity of action. In asserting this, it was proposed to measure the action by the product of velocity and space, and this measure being adopted, mathematicians, though they did not generally assent to Maupertuis' reasonings, found that his principle expressed a remarkable and useful truth, which might be established on known mechanical grounds."

Voltaire attacked Maupertuis on two counts, both sound, the one a scientific, the other a philosophic basis. "L'assertion que le produit de l'espace par la vitesse est toujours un *minimum* nous a semblé fausse; car ce produit est quelquefois un *maximum* comme Leibnitz le pensait, et comme il est prouvé." Indeed, if an observer goes into a large round room and places himself anywhere except at the centre, he will see his reflection from the nearest point of the mirror, and the whole path of light is the *least* possible. But if he turns about he will then see his reflection from the most distant part of the reflecting wall, and now the path of light is the *greatest* possible. So that even in this simple case the "principle of least bother," as it has humourously been called, certainly does not work. But Voltaire also said that the proof of a mathematical theorem on a theological basis might involve the reverse idea, of which we have seen strong

instances in modern writings on the universe, and he threw ridicule on Maupertuis, stating "Dans laquelle cosmologie l'auteur fait ensuite entendre qu'il n'y a d'autre preuve de l'existence de Dieu que dans Z égal à BC, divisé par A plus B."

Fortunately Maupertuis' famous principle fell upon more fruitful ground, and in the hands of Euler,[1] Lagrange and others it was established as a great cosmological principle, not of least action, but of stationary action, an idea which requires some explanation. It is possible to travel from one point to another on the earth's surface by two, and only two, "stationary" paths—the shortest way and the longest way. These paths are both geodesies, they alike lie on a great circle girdling the earth and passing through the two points. Both these paths are deemed "stationary"; a slight shift makes a minute change in length of path. Euler and Lagrange then extended the statement of Maupertuis into a general principle which "covers the whole range of Nature, so far as Nature is a dynamical system," and there the matter stood until a remarkable man of genius threw a fresh flood of light on the scene.

Sir William Rowan Hamilton was born in 1805, and he published a great scientific paper on the *Theory of Systems of Rays* before he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as an undergraduate. He was appointed Professor of Astronomy in his university at the early age of twenty-two and ten years later he became President of the Royal Irish Academy. He was no mean philosopher, and a student of Berkeley and of Kant. He was the originator of a new form of mathematics known as Quaternions, and hence of its more modern aspect, Vector

[1]Euler (1707-1783), a champion of the wave theory of light. "Light is in the æther the same thing as sound in air".

Analysis. He showed that whether we consider the integrated product of momentum and of space, or its equivalent of kinetic energy and of time, Nature always follows the stationary value of these identical quantities. The path followed is such that even when a slight variation of path is made "the difference between the two paths is indefinitely small compared with the small distance apart which is itself indefinitely small." Moreover he justly claimed that "although the law of least action has thus attained a rank amongst the highest theorems of physics, yet its pretensions to a cosmological necessity on the grounds of economy in the universe are now generally rejected," and for this, among other reasons, "that the quantity pretended to be economized is in fact often lavishly expended." Moreover Hamilton was well aware of an important distinction between mechanics and optics; because as Maupertuis claimed, a body moves so that the velocity *multiplied* by elements of space is on the whole a minimum; whereas light, as Fermat claimed, moves so that the elements of space *divided* by the corresponding velocity is on the whole a minimum. This indicated a profound difference between a travelling body and a ray of light, puzzling indeed to Hamilton and only resolved to-day in our newest theories which blend the two in a "Wave-Mechanics." Hamilton dealt with two expressions, both stationary, which he termed "Characteristic" and "Principal," giving a precise character to each mathematical function; the one the time-integral of the "vis viva," and the other the time-integral of the *difference* between the kinetic and potential energy of the mechanical system. The difference, be it noted, and not the sum which, in the absence of friction, will be conserved.

The situation after Hamilton had illumined it was

summarized by Kelvin and Tait as follows:—"Maupertuis' celebrated principle of *Least Action* has been, even up to the present time, regarded rather as a curious and somewhat perplexing property of motion, than as a useful guide in kinetic investigations. We are strongly impressed with the conviction that a much more profound importance will be attached to it, not only in abstract dynamics, but in the theory of the several branches of physical science now beginning to receive dynamic explanations. As an extension of it, Sir W. R. Hamilton has evolved his method of *Varying Action*, which undoubtedly must become a most valuable aid in future generalizations."

What is meant by 'Action' in these expressions is, unfortunately, something very different from the *Actio Agentis* defined by Newton, and, it must be admitted, the word is much less judiciously chosen. Taking it, however, as we find it now universally used by writers on dynamics, we define the *Action of a Moving System* as proportional to the average kinetic energy, which the system has possessed during the time from any convenient epoch of reckoning, multiplied by the time. According to the unit generally adopted, the action of a system which has not varied in its kinetic energy, is twice the amount of the energy multiplied by the time from the epoch. Or if the energy has been sometimes greater and sometimes less, the action at time t is the double of what we may call the time-integral of the energy.

Hot and cold are relative terms, and we know of no body which is devoid of heat. The constituent molecules, atoms, electrons are in a state of agitation and emit radiation with a variety of frequencies. The distribution of energy among these frequencies can be measured with suitable prisms and heat detectors, and it has been found

that while the theories of Rayleigh and Jeans demanded a low energy content among the high frequency, experiment proved the reverse to a glaring extent! The great German physicist, Planck, succeeded in finding an alternative theory which was successful in conforming with experimental fact, but it involved so extraordinary an hypothesis that it was at first received with marked coldness or active hostility. This was the now famous Quantum Theory, perhaps a more revolutionary development than the Theory of Relativity itself. It demanded that energy should pass among or from the oscillating elements of a body not by quantities of *any* magnitude, but as quite definite bundles or quanta whose magnitudes were strictly proportional to the corresponding frequencies. Planck also determined the value of the ratio of the energy-transfer to the frequency, which is now called Planck's constant, denoted by the letter "*h*," so that we write "energy in ergs" equals *h* times the "frequency" or $E=h\nu$ where E stands for energy, ν stands for frequency, and *h* equals 6.57×10^{-27} ergsecond.

This viewpoint, so strange at the time of its inception, received strong support from Einstein when he extended it to photo-electricity. For light falling on clean surfaces of such substances as zinc, sodium, potassium, and so forth, causes the ejection of electrons each with an added energy strictly proportional to the frequency of emitted light, and again Planck's constant was the ratio-factor; so that "quanta" eject electrons, for example in those photo-electric cells used to-day for so many devices, including television.

If now energy divided by frequency gives Planck's constant, then since frequency is merely the reciprocal of time, it must needs follow that energy multiplied by time, or rather integrated or added up for small time-elements,

must equal Planck's constant or some exact multiple of the same. What, then, had Planck proved? He had proved that *action* is *atomic!* Nature permits the change of action not by fractions, but always by integers, and in this way action takes its place as one of the most fundamental of all concepts, not merely in our minds, but, as it were, intrinsic in Nature herself. There shall be no subdivision of action, beyond the fundamental unit h! "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," not because of the possible futility of an experiment, not because of any shortcomings in the intelligence of man, but because Nature has given her own answer, there shall be no subatoms of action.

In 1913, by a flash of genius, the Danish savant, Bohr, extended the idea of quanta, and therefore of action, to individual atoms. Rutherford had already established the fact that the main matter of an atom is concentrated in a small central nucleus. Bohr, regarding the atom as a minute solar system, with electrical attractions in lieu of gravitational, used, in part, the Newtonian mechanics, but added thereto the principle that abrupt changes of energy occurred proportional to the frequency of the corresponding radiation emitted by the atom. The proportionality factor was again Planck's constant, h, which Einstein had also found was in accord with the properties of photoelectricity. Hence in the individual atoms of hydrogen it appears that energy-change divided by frequency is equal to h, $2h$, $3h$, ... , so that action is truly atomic; that is to say, fractional values of h do not occur, with an exception to be considered later. Rapid progress was made with atomic physics, in elucidating the spectral lines obtained both in the laboratory and in the stars, by the help of Bohr's theory and model, but ultimately it was found to be too crude to cover all the experimental results,

and once again physicists had to strike their tents and march to fresh regions of thought.

The first road to success was discovered by Heisenberg, and the second by de Broglie, which, amplified by Schrödinger, has led to the development of the most recent branch of physics, known as Wave Mechanics. Just as the consideration of rays of light is too clumsy to cover physical optics, in which case resort is made to a wave theory, so in dealing with an atom it is not sufficient to think of electrons as mere dots of negative electricity revolving round the central sun or nucleus.

The advantage of wave-mechanics is that it always gives the right answer, while the disadvantages are twofold. In the first place it appears to be impossible to describe the theory in words, so that it is forever closed to those who are not fortunate enough to possess mathematical powers and education, and in the second place it appears impossible to devise any kind of model or diagram which will enable even the physicist to form a mental picture of the nature of the events which are taking place. Perhaps it was this fact which induced Jeans to state that the Divine Architect was at least a great mathematician.

If the only possible description of the universe is a mathematical one, it appears desirable that the youth of every country should, as far as possible, receive a good mathematical training in place of the usual unsatisfactory smattering; but the precious gift of high mathematical achievement may be as rare as that of great spiritual insight, and it is so much easier to embark on the quest for riches!

The new wave-mechanics also satisfactorily and naturally explained the curious anomaly of the occurrence of half-values of Planck's constant, the exception referred

to a few paragraphs earlier, which appeared to threaten the atomic character of action.

In the meantime experiments had confirmed the dual character both of matter and of radiation, each of which shares the joint and apparently contradictory properties of being corpuscular and vibratory. Matter is waves, and waves are matter, while both are manifestations of energy, while action is atomic in character.

It is noteworthy, too, that in the general theory of relativity when a change is made of the reference planes, or coordinate system, then action is one of those important fundamental values which does not change and action is therefore said to be *invariant.*

Moreover, wave-mechanics has succeeded in blending together the two great principles, the one of stationary time due to Fermat, the other of stationary action due to Maupertuis and his followers. It would require another article to describe how this has been achieved. Briefly, with a material body we appear to deal with a grouping of waves moving with a velocity less than that of light, whereas the constituent waves, never directly observed, move with a velocity greater than that of light. It will be noted that Science is in a mood reminiscent of the Athanasian Creed, where apparent contradiction is not an unwelcome guest!

It was perhaps inevitable that a further step should be taken and that a principle of uncertainty be formulated, as did Heisenberg.

There is a limitation to our powers of measurement, as we proceed downwards in the scale of size, just as there is a limit when we go upwards in increasing magnitude. The smaller limit is governed by the atomic character of action, and the larger by the radius of the universe. In neither case are these limitations due to

the stupidity of man, or to the ineffectiveness of his instruments and measurements. On the contrary, they are imposed by Nature and are imbedded in the very character of the universe in which it is our privilege to live.

It appears that if we determine the position of an electron with precision, then there is a necessary limitation to our knowledge of its velocity. A similar relationship is involved between energy and time. Extreme accuracy in the determination of either one leaves an undeterminable vagueness in the other. So that the situation is not that we do not know, but that it cannot be known! This strange relationship has naturally impressed the philosophers, and even the theologians, as a startling change in our viewpoint of Nature, and he would be a rash man who ventured to forecast whither this latest development of physics may lead us. Nevertheless we do encounter, and for the first time, an ungoverned and undirected element of pure chance in a world otherwise mechanistic, or having a sequence of events which are, or appear to be, linked together by cause and effect in a determinable chain, at least as viewed towards the past. If, then, there is no direction or governance in these uncertainties there is room for speculation as to some other controlling agent outside of the general mechanistic universe. Indeed speculation has not been lacking and the warning of Voltaire may be recalled of the futility of founding a proof of the Deity on the basis of a mathematical formula alone!

Foolish would be the man who jettisoned all his precious freight of knowledge and experience because a new child had been born on his ship!

As to the future, perhaps we may conclude with the somewhat obscure but weighty words of the philosopher-

mathematician, Weyl, who, speaking of an effort of Mie to obtain a geometrical explanation of the world, extending Einstein's gravitational explanation so as to include electrical phenomena, writes in his book on *Space, Time and Matter*, as follows,—"We find, then, that *Mie's Electrodynamics exists in a compressed form in Hamilton's Principle*—analogously to the manner in which the development of mechanics attains its zenith in the principle of action. Whereas in mechanics, however, a definite function L of action corresponds to every given mechanical system and has to be deduced from the constitution of the system, we are here concerned with a single system, the world. This is where the real problem of matter takes its beginning : we have to determine the 'function of action,' the world-function L, belonging to the world. For the present it leaves us in perplexity. If we choose an arbitrary L, we get a 'possible' world governed by this function of action, which will be perfectly intelligible to us—more so than the actual world—provided that our mathematical analysis does not fail us. We are, of course, then concerned in discovering the only existing world, the *real* world for us. Judging from what we know of physical laws, we may expect the L which belongs to it to be distinguished by having simple mathematical properties. Physics, this time as a physics of fields, is again pursuing the object of reducing the totality of natural phenomena to *a single physical law* : it was believed that this goal was almost within reach once before when Newton's Principia, founded on the physics of mechanical point-masses, was celebrating its triumphs. But the treasures of knowledge are not like ripe fruits that may be plucked from a tree.

For the present we do not yet know whether the phase-quantities on which Mie's theory is founded will

suffice to describe matter or whether matter is purely 'electrical' in nature. Above all, the ominous clouds of those phenomena that we are, with varying success, seeking to explain by means of the quantum of action, are throwing their shadows over the sphere of physical knowledge, threatening no one knows what new revolution."

THE EARLY ARCHITECTURE OF ONTARIO

E. R. Arthur

A GREAT deal has been written in the last thirty years on the early buildings of the United States and of the Province of Quebec, but the pioneer architecture of Ontario has not received the recognition which it merits. There are several reasons for this neglect. In the first place, the growth of cities and the passion for restoration, frequent enough now and even more ruthless in Victorian times, have brought about the entire disappearance of many fine houses, and the alteration of others to a point where the handicraft of the Colonial builder is no longer recognizable. Increased prosperity and changing tastes, fostered by the rise of the saw mills, the invention of photography and the ease of foreign travel, have all likewise assisted in the refashioning, if not the total destruction, of many early masterpieces. The sawmills in the second half of the nineteenth century began to introduce machinery, which sounded the death knell of the simple Georgian house of the preceding period. Mouldings designed by unskilled hands were standardized and published, and the fret-saw left its mark on thousands of smug Victorian porches and verandahs, sparing neither the cottage of the labourer nor the mansion of the city merchant. Foreign travel and the invention of photography opened up new avenues of architectural possibility. By merely glancing through the pages of a book the gentleman of 1870 might design himself a little house in the manner of the Alhambra at Granada or Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon. Compared with such an exciting adventure as this, it was

natural that the Georgian house should be looked upon with mild contempt if not open dislike. Toward the end of the century, if one may judge from the wanton destruction of early architecture at that time, dislike was changed to actual repugnance. The house of 1790 represented a country in its infancy with a high standard of taste and culture; and the house of 1890 a country on the highroad to prosperity with taste at its lowest level. The romanticism of the nineteenth century might have saved many of our city houses if they had been less familiar. As it was, they had nothing of the glamour of age or of historic association—they were just things of beauty in an age of artistic vulgarity. In a young progressive country concern for the affairs of the present and the future leaves little time for reflection on the past, and old houses are discarded like old clothes when they have served their purpose.

Happily the countryside did not suffer, except in a few cases from alteration, to the same extent as the cities. The rural community was less exposed to the changing fashions of the time; labour problems on the farm made European travel difficult, and illustrated books were less easily obtained. As a result, the curious traveller will find on the highways and byways of the Province houses, churches, mills, barns and shops which are much as they were one hundred or more years ago.

The period included in this study begins with the settlement of the Province in 1784, and ends about the year 1840. It is impossible to bound any architectural style by a decade or even, in some cases, by a century, much less by a year, but it has been found by close observation that the trivialities of the second half of the nineteenth century creep into buildings, noticeably in lattice work, between 1840 and 1850. On the other hand,

right up to the present time, it is possible to obtain mouldings and sash windows from country builders of the same detail as those employed by our early carpenters. The thin stream of the Georgian tradition trickled through the "mud-flats of Victorian taste" in spite of every effort to divert it. A parallel case is that of the expiring Gothic in England. Although the Renaissance may be said, in architecture, to have started with the employment of Italians on Hampton Court by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515, Gothic mouldings and ornament were grafted on Classic buildings one hundred years after they had been forgotten in London. Tradition in methods of building which has been so powerful a force in the history of all peoples is gradually disappearing. This is particularly true of North America where the country is conforming under the influence of the radio, the cinema and the motor car to the standardization of modern city life. The farmer's house is built from plans supplied by a monthly magazine or the stock plans of a builder, his motor car and agricultural implements are standard products, and his barn is taken from the catalogue of the manufacturers of the galvanized iron with which it is covered. The time will come when farm buildings will have only those shades of difference in design which are to be noticed in the faces of Robots.

The story of the settlement of Ontario is familiar and need not be told here, but, in so far as the history of the Province is reflected in its architecture, certain features are worth recording. In a critical survey of our native architecture the lateness of settlement must be remembered. The finest work in the United States and the Province of Quebec had been accomplished when Ontario was but a forest settled by a handful of people. The lack of roads, the immense task of clearing virgin forest, the

isolation of homesteads and villages were all factors which would seem to present an insuperable barrier to the development of an architectural style. Europe, too, was remote. On the other hand, the United States was reasonably close and its influence on the architecture of the infant province, a kindly one.

The settlement of Ontario may be traced with fair accuracy in the design of existing buildings, but the actual process of settlement up to 1840 may be summarized for our purpose, as follows:—

(1) From 1783 the settlement of United Empire Loyalists at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and from the Bay of Quinte eastward along the St. Lawrence River.

(2) Following this, in the years after the Revolutionary War, there was until 1812 an infiltration of settlers from the United States into the Niagara Peninsula, along Lake Erie and the north shore of Lake Ontario.

(3) The War of 1812-14 checked immigration from the United States, but the ending of the Napoleonic Wars in Europe, coupled with the economic changes of the Industrial Revolution in Great Britain, encouraged a large and growing emigration to Upper Canada in the generation after 1815, from England, Scotland and Ireland.

By 1840 the pioneer period was coming to an end so far as the older settled portions of the Province were concerned. Considerable areas of forest had been cleared, thriving towns had been established, communications had been improved and the white population had grown, from practically nothing in 1784, to nearly half a million.

The origin of the architectural style practised in Ontario in the first sixty years of the history of the

Province may be worth examining for a moment. It is claimed by some writers that the Colonial architecture of America was not an offshoot of the Anne or Georgian styles in England, but a parallel movement with distinct characteristics. It is difficult to defend this theory as the styles were so similar, the undoubted influence of new settlers from the Homeland so strong and the differences in design so slight. As these differences were almost always caused by peculiarity of material, such as the use of wood instead of stone, producing an attenuation of some forms and an elaboration of detail and ornament in others, not possible in the sturdier material, we may safely accept the view that the style was a transplanted one which lost none of its vitality or interest in the new land.

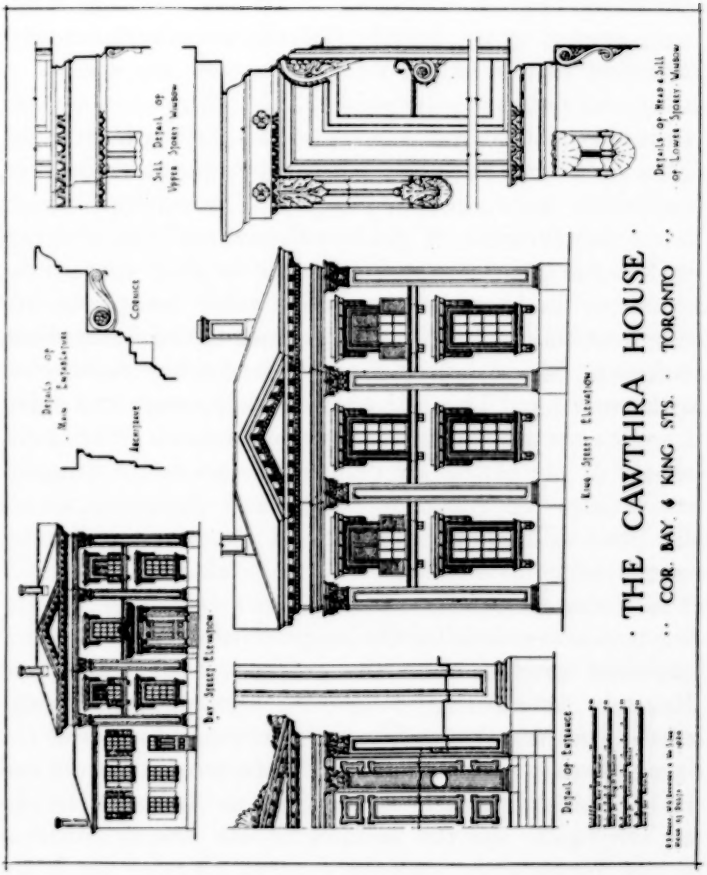
The evolution of the Georgian style may be conveniently illustrated in the form of the window. The double-hung sash window divided into quarries by muntins or glazing bars was in general use in England by the year 1700, and those on Sir Christopher Wren's extension to Hampton Court may be taken as typical. Of Dutch origin, introduced into England after the Restoration, it has been the recognized type of window for all buildings, monumental or domestic ever since, except for the brief period of the Gothic Revival when a return was made to the Medieval casement. The use of the sash window was important because it marked the definite arrival of the formal balanced façade and the final disappearance of the rambling Elizabethan with its background of the Middle Ages. In one hundred years in England the double-hung window changed its appearance for the worse, and it is a curious fact that the same stages of development may be noted in Ontario between 1784 and 1840. We started with the Wren window in 1784 when its use had been abandoned in England, and ended with the English

window of the late eighteenth century, in 1840. In the early period in both countries the glass was placed on the outside of the wall with a wide frame or architrave, and was divided horizontally by three or more glazing bars, while in later examples the glass was set in the middle of the wall thickness with only two glazing bars and without an architrave. I shall show later how this affected both the internal and external design.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century in England Georgian architecture experienced that decline which in France degenerated into the Rococo. It was a gradual process, but the style was so weakened, and had become so effeminate in comparison with the masculine achievements of Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren and Vanbrugh, that it submitted without a struggle to every passing fashion, be it Gothic, Greek or Chinese. (We were spared the Chinese in Ontario, but it had its influence in England and there are isolated examples in the United States.) Architecture first came under the spell of the Romantic Movement about 1750 when we see the faint stirrings of the Gothic Revival. In its infancy it was concerned mainly with the alteration of old houses and was therefore comparatively harmless. As Gray, in 1754, writes of Lord Brooke at Warwick Castle "He has sashed the great apartment. . .and being since told that square sash windows were not Gothic, he has put certain whimwhams within side the glass, which appearing through are made to look like fretwork", and again writing to Wharton "I delight to hear you talk of giving your house some Gothic ornaments already. If you project anything, I hope it will be entirely within doors! and don't let me (when I come gaping into Coleman St.) be directed to the "gentleman at the ten pinnacles" or "with the church porch at his door."

This movement had a direct bearing, fortunately in a small way, on pioneer architecture in Ontario. I do not refer to the many houses, churches and university colleges which were inspired by the later medieval enthusiasts of the nineteenth century like Ruskin and Pugin, but to those buildings erected in Ontario before 1840. The Ussher house at Niagara-on-the-Lake is an example. It has lost its church porch, if it ever had one, but the windows are pointed and thoroughly Gothic with certain whim-whams in lieu of tracery. At the same time it is Georgian in its composition, in its mouldings and the spacing of its openings. There are perhaps only a score of Georgian churches in Ontario, all the rest being in the Gothic manner. As compensation, perhaps, we have St. Andrew's, Niagara-on-the-Lake, which is as delightful a church as any on this continent. Later churches were, of course, Gothic because Ruskin and his disciples had decided that the Gothic (though they resented the word) was a Christian style, and the Classic a pagan one. The late nineteenth century teemed with fallacies of this kind, but it was not responsible for the earlier churches in Ontario which were the true products of the Romantic Movement. Their builders would have done better (as St. Andrew's and the Switzerville Church bear witness) had they worked in the style with which they were familiar. Idealizing the great monuments of the Middle Ages, they endeavoured to reproduce them (to a tiny scale) in wood; and wood is a material that does not lend itself readily to the Gothic mode with its battlements, pinnacles and window tracery.

The Greek Revival in architecture may be traced in England back to the first attempts at the revival of Gothic, and reached its zenith, with the temporary eclipse of Gothic, about 1830. It was essentially a


THE CAWTHRA HOUSE
COR. BAY & KING STS. TORONTO
Bay Street Elevation
King Street Elevation
Details of Main Entablature
Cornice
Architrave
Sill Detail of Upper Sloped Window
Details of Head & Sill of Lower Sloped Window
Detail of Entrance

monumental style, with the Parthenon as its model, and, in a period of great building activity, it served admirably to express the might of England, France and Germany in the many national memorials and public buildings which were erected in the first half of the nineteenth century. The first section of the British Museum was erected in 1825, the Burns Memorial in Edinburgh in 1830 and the University of Virginia by Thomas Jefferson in 1818. This revival was of far-reaching importance in Ontario, and, while St. Andrew's, Niagara, built in 1831, was its finest achievement, it profoundly affected the Colonial style after that date. What was it that turned the attention of great corporations, noble lords and the humblest folk in Europe and America to the Acropolis in Athens? Mr. Geoffrey Scott wrote in his *Architecture of Humanism*, "The interest is shifted, more and more, from the art itself to the ideals of civilization. The Greek modes of the period are deliberately meant to 'suggest' its political or other doctrines; and the intrusion of Egyptian detail which followed Napoleon's African expedition is an instance of the same allusive tendency." The Romantic idealization of Greece was doubtless the fundamental reason for the adoption of Greek art, and it gathered strength with the publication of Stuart and Revett's *Antiquities of Athens*, the writings and drawings of the Brothers Adam (the fashionable architects of the late eighteenth century), by the literature of the time and by Byron's dramatic expedition to Greece. In an archaeological age the building of the British Museum in the Greek style, and the housing there of the Elgin Marbles from the Parthenon must have profoundly influenced the public mind. Then again British art is, at its best, essentially masculine, and the natural reaction against the cold precision of the Palladians and the

trivialities of the Adams brothers would be in the direction of a sturdier architecture. The Greek was ideally suited to this change of taste, for by no stretch of the imagination could the Doric columns of Euston Station or St. Andrew's Niagara be described as effeminate.

While the monumental examples of this style are, for the most part, cold and forbidding in the grime of a modern city and lack altogether the brilliance of colour and shadow found in the prototype, the domestic architecture produced in that period is not unsuccessful and may be wholly delightful. In Ontario, where dressed stone was a luxury, wood was substituted, and the heaviness of the original reduced. Mouldings were invented, always showing the influence of Greece, and ornament is to be found without Hellenic precedent. The only dressed stone house of the Greek Revival in Ontario is the very beautiful Cawthra House (1852) at the corner of King and Bay Streets, Toronto. While this house is slightly later than the buildings we have been recording, it must, still, be the finest urban house in Canada. The continued use of the Greek manner in the second half of the century can only be explained by its greater adaptability. The Gothic was more expensive to build, and the square-headed Greek openings permitted the use of the familiar double-hung window.

One is frequently asked who designed our colonial buildings. Quite obviously it would be impossible in early Ontario for an architect to practise his profession—at least within the bounds of modern etiquette. He would be compelled to split fees, accept food and raiment in lieu of fees and, worse still, he might have to do a little contracting himself. There were architects with extensive practices in the United States, and they may have supplied drawings for larger buildings, which again, along

with the better houses, may have been taken from, or inspired by, the many books of plans and details published in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was the custom then, as it is now, for successful architects to publish monographs of their work dedicated to a noble patron. These varied, in England, from the ponderous works of Colin Campbell, "Vitruvius Britannicus" (for which there was little use in Ontario, though copies exist there) to the less ambitious "The Builder's Jewel: or, the Youth's Instructor and Workman's Remembrancer" of Batty Langley. On this continent there were several, notably Asher Benjamin's "The Country Builder's Assistant", published in Boston in 1805:

"Fully explaining the best Methods for striking Regular and QUIRKED MOULDINGS; for drawing and working the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian Orders, with their Pedestals, bases, capitals and Entablatures; Architraves for doors, windows and chimneys; Plan section and Elevation of a Meeting House with a Pulpit at Large: plans and elevations of houses, fence posts and railings"; and in collaboration with Daniel Raynerd, "The American Builder's Companion or a New System of Architecture particularly adapted to the Present Style of Building in the United States of America, containing forty-four Engravings representing geometrical lines, the Five Orders of Architecture, with great alterations both in Size and Expense with Particular directions for executing all the above Designs.

By Asher Benjamin, Architect and Carpenter; and
Daniel Raynerd, Architect and Stucco Worker."

If the reader will for a moment place himself in the position of a settler who is about to build a house, and who has a very definite preference for a certain style, he will readily see how extremely useful were these "*Compleat*

WINDOW IN DRAWING ROOM, "MAPLEHURST", NEAR MAITLAND

THE "STONE HOUSE" MAITLAND

Assistants". They did not pretend to provide designs for every need, but they suggested types and proportions which had proved satisfactory in the past. As mouldings were "hand run", the sections illustrated were suited to the tools of the carpenters who were generally highly skilled artisans with a pride in their work comparable to that of the Guild workers of the Middle Ages. Men such as these could not be bound by any copy-plate reproduction of façade or detail, and the design of one is as varied as the other.

Proof of this statement may be found in the fact that the houses of people of different racial origin may be identified by racial characteristics in their design. This was observed by an early traveller in the Province who wrote "The Orders of Architecture baffle all description: everyone builds his cottage or house according to his fancy; and it is not a difficult thing, in passing through the country, to tell what nation the natives of the house hail from, if we are aware of any of those whims or conceits that characterize them." The houses of Loyalist immigrants are, as one would expect, "colonial" in design and detail, and one can distinguish the house of the colonel from the Eastern states from that of the planter from the South. The latter is usually one with a high pediment in the centre and with columns two storeys in height flanked by low wings. The Chrysler Farm near Cornwall is an example of this type and the Barnum House at Grafton a modification of it.

It is difficult to analyze the difference between the Scottish Georgian houses of Glengarry County and other Georgian houses in Ontario. They are probably lower, more rooted to the soil and heavier in their detail, but there are other subtle differences. There is a decided similarity between an Edinburgh town house of the

eighteenth century and a London one of the same period, but in the country stronger racial customs and building traditions have stamped the English and the Scottish cottage and manor with an individuality of their own in spite of a common formal style. This distinction may be best illustrated by comparing the English and Scottish peoples, but it is a difference of physiognomy rather than of speech.

The houses of people who came direct from England with sufficient capital to build may be divided into those which are wholly English in design and detail, and those which are English in design and Colonial in detail. Many families brought carpenters with them, and they would naturally work in the strictly Classic Georgian manner which is quite different (particularly in ornament) from the free, and often, gay, Colonial.

German settlers from the Pennsylvania Valley brought with them a different plan (due to the housing of animals indoors) and, more easily observed to-day, a different roof. There were three roofs in common use in early Ontario: the hipped roof; the gable roof, one of the earliest roofs and one used almost exclusively in the eighteenth century; and the gambrel roof. The gambrel roof is quite German, and has the advantage with its steep sides of giving more accommodation on the bedroom floor. Houses covered by this form of roof are scattered about the Province, but the best one (now destroyed) was that known as Kelly's Farm, which stood by the Kelly burial ground at Cobourg. This frame house was used as a masonic meeting place, and was occupied as early as 1805 though the actual date of building has not yet been ascertained.

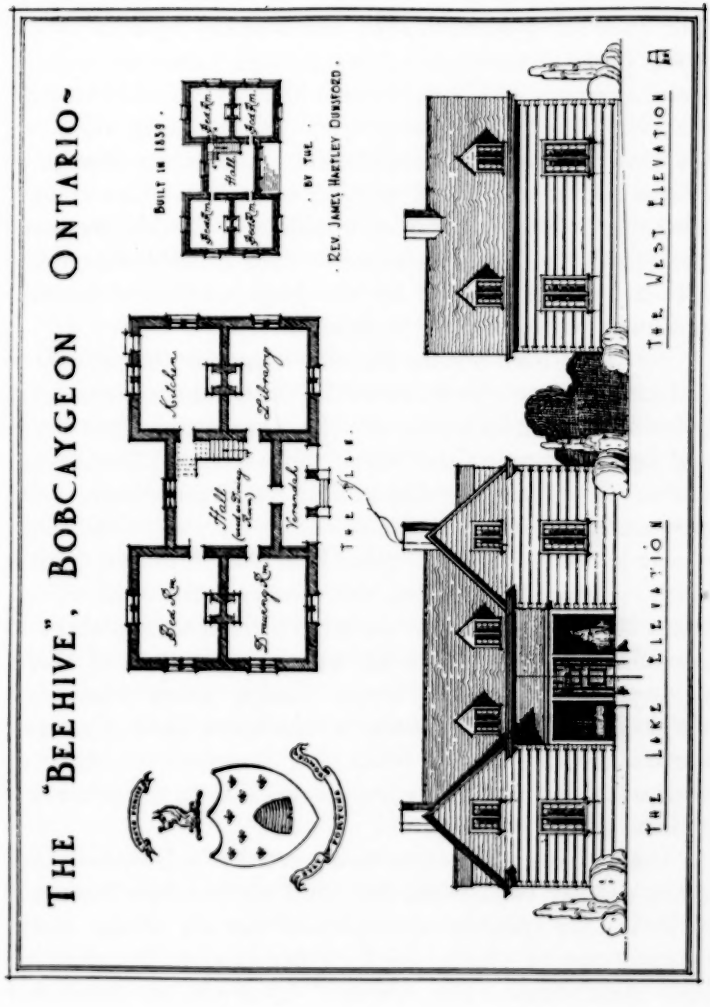
Much easier to be distinguished are the houses of the French settlers. They are to be found on the Ontario

side of the Ottawa River, on the Detroit River and at Penetanguishene. In some of their interiors one may see that love of shining metal and general cleanliness which is so characteristic of the Normandy housewife, but nearly all their exteriors proclaim the origin of the owners by the gleaming brightness of their whitewashed walls. This delightful custom brought, in the first place, from the fishing villages of France, must do much to preserve the logs (though it is to be found also on stone and brick), and might, with advantage, be applied to the hundreds of black "white" pine houses of British settlers. The bell cast at the eaves of the roof is typically French Canadian, and if it threw the rain and snow away from the walls, as it did, it is strange that the idea was not followed in other places where the greatest damage to buildings came from damp below the eaves and at the footings. While a cornice in a Georgian house rarely projected more than a foot, in a French Canadian house it projected as much as thirty inches.

Buildings of all kinds are to be seen throughout the Province of log, mud, stone, brick and frame construction, no one material seeming to have an absolute precedence over the other in point of time. It would be natural, however, that log houses were the first to make their appearance after settlement in 1784. Cottages of log without architectural pretensions, but with every indication of extreme old age are still fairly numerous. Many larger log houses (like the Priory at Guelph) that would have interested us now have been destroyed, and one has been so altered within the past year that it is now unrecognizable as an old, or even a log house. Fortunately we have been able to record this house, the Beehive, Bobcaygeon, from notes, measurements and photographs; it is unlikely that any finer log house existed in Ontario.

It will be seen from the drawing that the plan takes its form from the smaller English manor house, and, that the hall was used as a dining room, a practice going back to the Middle Ages. The fact that the windows are all casements, in spite of local custom, and the chimney stacks octagonal on plan, would suggest that the owner had an Elizabethan house in mind in preparing the design. Inside there was every evidence of comfort—plastered walls, ample mantel-pieces, high ceilings and large, well arranged rooms. The house was built in 1839 by the Rev. James Hartley Dunsford whose arms, assumed by the family in 1690, gave it its name.

Mud houses (whitewashed or stuccoed) must have followed close on log as they would be slower in building. They are difficult to discover owing to their coat of stucco, unless in ruins, but the recent widening of Yonge Street at Thornhill has disclosed a few. In these houses the walls were constructed of blocks of mud and pea straw (averaging 15″ x 12″ x 7″) dried in the Egyptian fashion in the sun. So long as the roof is kept water-tight these houses appear to last indefinitely, and the insulating qualities of the mud and straw make them ideal dwellings in summer and winter. While most are one storey in height, the architect of the Shanty Bay Church was bold enough to attempt a building in this material with a considerable roof span, surmounted by a tower with bells! It is unlikely that modern stucco would be sufficient protection in this climate for anything so perishable as mud. The original stucco, as used here in the first half century contained eggs, hundreds of which went into the covering of a wall. Sir Christopher Wren used the whites of eggs in the mortar of St. Paul's; in fact they were used in good work in Ontario within the memory of many people now living.


THE "BEEHIVE", BOBCAYGEON ONTARIO
BUILT IN 1833.
BY THE
REV JAMES HARTLEY DUNSFORD.
THE LAKE ELEVATION
THE WEST ELEVATION

There are four types of stone house, all dating from the infant years of the Province—the common field stone, split to a fairly smooth face, the roughly squared limestone, ledge or river stone, and dressed limestone laid as ashlar masonry. The field stone house is one that strikes the visitor to Ontario as unique. No building stone in the world has such richness of colour, constantly changing in sun and shadow, and turning to a deep plum colour after rain. The presence of boulders over wide areas of farm land, and the comparative ease of splitting them with a hammer account for the large number of houses and even barns erected in this material.

The limestone houses are also found in almost every district, but are concentrated in the Niagara Peninsula (within hauling distance of the Queenston Quarries), and in Kingston and the North Shore of the St. Lawrence River. The Hamilton House and the Prest House, both at Queenston, are examples of the former, and the Stone House at Maitland and Poplar Hall near Prescott, of the latter. These houses lack the colour of the field stone, but a hundred years and more have given them a mellow greyness which is enhanced by the whiteness of their painted windows and doors. Ledge stone masonry, which may be included here, is found near several rivers, particularly the Credit River. It is generally small in scale and weathers to a rusty brown due to the presence of iron in the stone.

Dressed stone is not to be expected of a people living under pioneer conditions, but the Province may boast of at least four splendid examples of the art of the early masons, one of which, the Cawthra House, has already been mentioned. The Officers' Quarters at Penetanguishene is a simple, well proportioned building, one storey in height with attic dormers, some of which are

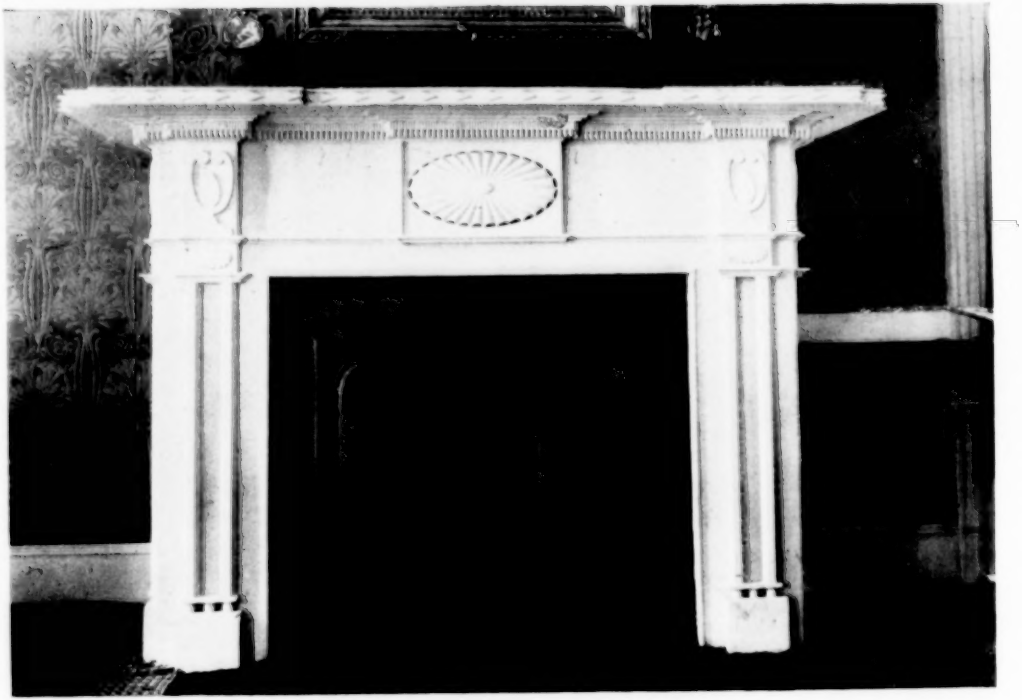
original and some rather unsatisfactory later additions. The Stanley Barracks, in Toronto, are severe in their treatment like most military buildings, but monotony is relieved by the boldness of the chimney stacks and the whitewashing of various recessed portions of the façade. The Officers' Mess with its massive panelled window reveals one of the most dignified and pleasing rooms in Canada. Fort Henry at Kingston must rank with the finest military buildings in the world. Built of dressed stone and absolutely devoid of ornament, it relies for its effect entirely on immense scale, the rhythmic repetition of arches and on the severity of its proportions. Standing above this superb monument (for it is sunk in the hill like a Greek theatre) one is reminded of Piranesi's fantastic interiors of a prison, in which, against a background of colossal arches loaded with chains, puny men work at great blocks of stone. It is a national tragedy that the shortsightedness of local trades prevented the restoration of Fort Henry by German labour during the war.

With increased prosperity and consequent leisure came the demand for kiln-dried bricks. A modern stock brick varies in size with the amount of burning to which it is subjected, but the average dimensions are 8 3/8" x 4" x 2 3/8". The bricks in a house near King measured 9 1/2" x 4 1/4" x 2 1/2"; in the Grange, Toronto (1817), 8 3/4" x 4" x 2 1/2" and in the Butler House, Demorestville, 7 1/2" x 4" x 1 3/4". The size of a brick affects the scale of a façade and the texture of the wall, and in a handmade brick, with imperfect methods of burning, one would expect the variation in size to be found in the examples selected. Quite as important in the appearance of a wall is the method of laying. Until 1825 or 1830 the common English Bond was adopted (every three or five courses of stretcher bricks are separated by a row of

headers). This is a good simple bond with perhaps less interest as a pattern than the later Flemish Bond where stretchers and headers alternate in each course. It requires more skill and patience on the part of the bricklayer, but, on the whole, it cannot be said that the Flemish Bond houses are as good as the English Bond. A desire for some excitement in the brickwork was reflected in ornament and general design, and the use of this bond may be said to mark the decline in the Colonial tradition in the Province. Ontario is rich in old brick houses. They are to be found in every shade of gray and cherry in happy contrast with the elms and lilacs which usually surround them.

Frame houses though following log in natural sequence were built even in stone and clay districts throughout the entire period, though the finest examples occur between 1815 and 1825. (The Barnum House at Grafton and the Church House at Niagara-on-the-Lake). The reason for the use of wood for building, even where clay and stone were available, lies in the fact that (except for the hazard of fire) white pine was never considered an inferior building material. For its insulating qualities, wood was superior to brick or stone, unless of excessive thickness; it was easily worked and easily obtained. Its use was quite frequent in the United States before Independence, and even in England the age of oak was followed by deal (white pine) to a greater extent than is generally known. It is to be regretted that the majority of pine houses in Ontario do not ever seem to have had a coat of paint, and their beauty, hidden behind a grey veil of age, is lost to the casual observer. In parts of the Eastern United States where the aesthetic and practical values of paint are recognized these pine houses are the glory of the countryside. That Ontario pine will stand such neglect for one

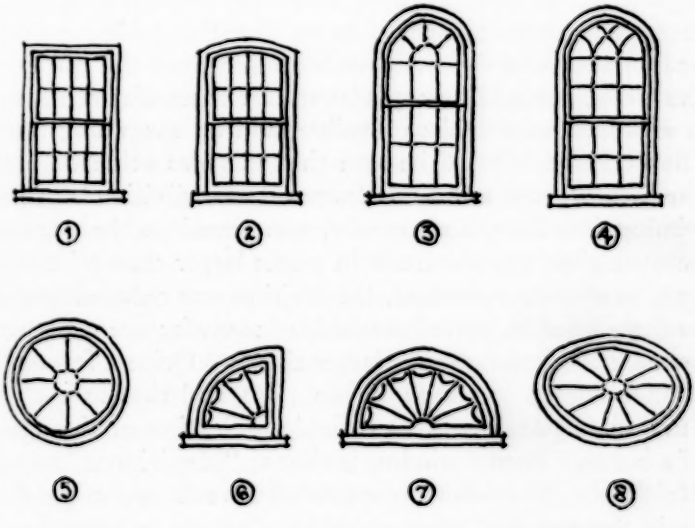
THE BARNUM HOUSE, NEAR GRAFTON



MANTEL IN THE HERON HOUSE, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

hundred and twenty-five years without sign of decay is surely a remarkable tribute to its lasting qualities.

For those people who would say with Ruskin that the Georgian architect designed one half of his building, and then from sheer intellectual exhaustion repeated it on the other half, we cannot point to any building which derives any particular charm from asymmetry, but we can show



several hundred houses, no two of which are alike except in plan. The desire to be different, which has become a fetish to-day, was as strong one hundred years ago as it is now, but it was kept under restraint and never infringed on good architectural manners. The modern tendency in building is to shout one's individuality literally from the housetops, where the Colonial builders would be content with a fanlight over a door, or a central pediment to differentiate the house from its neighbours. In a style

where the central door was the focus of interest in the façade, a thousand methods were found for its treatment. It might be enriched with carving or it might be plain, it might have side lights or not, it might be embellished by any one of the Five Orders, or it might have a simple protective hood. The design of this all-important feature was infinite in its variety. Windows, therefore, were never allowed to detract, by over emphasis, from the dignity of the door. There were few variations of the rectangle except in special cases like the gable or the pediment, where the designer felt free to use the ellipse, the circle, semicircle or quadrant. A successful window is as little like a void as possible, and on examining the "Stone House" it will be seen that this was achieved by the glazing bars and wide frames. The division of the window into four, horizontally, was forced on the owner because glass was not made in pieces larger than 9″ x 6″ and, as already remarked, the division was reduced later to three when improved methods of manufacture made it possible to obtain glass in larger sheets. Quite a few old windows were re-sashed before 1840, and therefore the number of panes is not a reliable indication of the age of a house. Such a window is that at "Maplehurst" near Maitland. The beautiful panelled reveals are original, as is the enriched plaster cornice, but the window has been changed. Nevertheless it shows clearly what added space and charm is given to a room by the simple expedient of keeping the window on the outside face of the wall.

As the door was the centre of interest externally, mantels and staircases were the objects internally on which carpenters lavished their greatest care. The drawing-room chimney-piece is usually the finest in a house, but one is often surprised by the beauty and richness of the mantel in a small bedroom. The most elab-

orate pine mantels we have seen are at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and were made after the war of 1812-14 by discharged shipwrights. The work, in some cases, suffers from the fact that they were uncontrolled, and in their desire to give the owner a masterpiece they overdid it. On the other hand two of the best mantels recorded come from Niagara—the Clench mantel and Major Heron's mantel. The fan design, the use of urns, fluting and reeding, which may be seen at their best in the latter, were the favourite decorative devices of the Colonial carpenter.

Plan, the first consideration of an architect, naturally influenced the external composition. The straight-forward rectangular plan with a central hall flanked by rooms has, in the past fifty years, been subjected to a good deal of unjustifiable criticism. As a matter of fact it was the logical development for the small house of several hundred years of house-planning. It was convenient in its arrangement, it provided the greatest protection from the cold of winter, it presented the least amount of wall to the heat of summer, and it was the most economical to construct. To satisfy the demand for variety the early builders found scope for their ingenuity in U, H, T, L-shaped plans, octagonal plans and a dozen others which it is impossible to describe in a word. Each house pays a proper respect to its neighbours and a whole town like Niagara-on-the-Lake has a homogeneity which is entirely lacking in a modern suburb.

In conclusion I should like to take this opportunity of pointing out that except in isolated instances nothing is being done to preserve our heritage of early buildings in Ontario. The Norfolk Historical Society has purchased the Chadwick Academy (1829) at Vittoria, the Wentworth Historical Society has the Gage homestead, the York Pioneers have the Sharon Temple, and the Grange,

Toronto, is fortunately preserved for all time. Good work of this kind is certainly being done in the province, and there is no lack of interest in its early history. But the results of this interest, so far as the preservation of early architectural remains is concerned, does not begin to compare with the splendid achievements of the National Trust and the Royal Commission for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments in England, the Quebec Historic Monuments Commission and the South African National Society which has been in existence for twenty-five years. It is true we have no cathedrals or castles, but the churches and cottages of our pioneers should not be unworthy of our attention, and this not merely on historical or sentimental grounds. The small domestic architecture of Ontario may fairly be said to compare with the best work of those countries which are saving their native architecture for the enjoyment of their own people and of posterity. In the past seven years one thousand photographs have been taken of old Ontario buildings and one hundred measured drawings have been prepared, acknowledgment for which should be made to the School of Engineering Research and the University of Toronto which have made this work financially possible. While many of the buildings recorded have since fallen under the heavy hand of the wrecker, it is hoped that by the formation in the near future of a "Society for the preservation of old Ontario buildings of architectural merit, and places of historic interest or natural beauty", much may yet be done to save a part of this our heritage in Ontario's "green and pleasant land".

THE ICEBERG

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

I WAS spawned from the glacier,
A thousand miles due north
Beyond Cape Chidley;
And the spawning,
When my vast, wallowing bulk went under,
Emerged and heaved aloft,
Shaking down cataracts from its rocking sides,
With mountainous surge and thunder
Outraged the silence of the Arctic sea.

Before I was thrust forth
A thousand years I crept,
Crawling, crawling, crawling irresistibly,
Hid in the blue womb of the eternal ice,
While under me the tortured rock
Groaned,
And over me the immeasurable desolation slept.

Under the pallid dawning
Of the lidless Arctic day
Forever no life stirred.
No wing of bird—
Of ghostly owl low winnowing
Or fleet-winged ptarmigan fleeing the pounce of death,—
No foot of backward-glancing fox
Half glimpsed, and vanishing like a breath,—
No lean and gauntly stalking bear,
Stalking his prey.
Only the white sun, circling the white sky.
Only the wind screaming perpetually.

And then the night—
The long night, naked, high over the roof of the world,
Where time seemed frozen in the cold of space,—
Now black, and torn with cry
Of unseen voices where the storm raged by,
Now radiant with spectral light
As the vault of heaven split wide
To let the flaming Polar cohorts through,
And close-ranked spears of gold and blue,
Thin scarlet and thin green,
Hurtled and clashed across the sphere
And hissed in sibilant whisperings,
And died.
And then the stark moon, swinging low,
Silver, indifferent, serene,
Over the sheeted snow.

But now, an Alp afloat,
In seizure of the surreptitious tide,
Began my long drift south to a remote
And unimagined doom.
Scornful of storm,
Unjarred by thunderous buffeting of seas,
Shearing the giant floes aside,
Ploughing the wide-flung ice-fields in a spume
That smoked far up their ponderous flanks,
Onward I fared,
My ice-blue pinnacles rendering back the sun
In darts of sharp radiance;
My bases fathoms deep in the dark profound.

And now around me
Life, and the frigid waters all a-swarm.
The smooth wave creamed
With tiny capelin and the small pale squid,—

So pale the light struck through them.
Gulls and gannets screamed
Over the feast, and gorged themselves, and rose,
A clamour of weaving wings, and hid
Momently my face.
The great bull whales
With cavernous jaws agape,
Scooped in the spoil, and slept,
Their humped forms just a-wash, and rocking softly,
Or sounded down, down to the deeps, and nosed
Along my ribbed and sunken roots,
And in the green gloom scattered the pasturing cod.

And so I voyaged on, down the dim parallels,
Convoyed by fields
Of countless calving seals
Mild-featured, innocent-eyed and unforeknowing
The doom of the red flenching knives.
I passed the storm-racked gate
Of Hudson Strait,
And savage Chidley where the warring tides
In white wrath seethe forever.
Down along the sounding shore
Of iron-fanged, many watered Labrador
Slow weeks I shaped my course, and saw
Dark Mokkowic and dark Napiskawa,
And came at last off lone Belle Isle, the bane
Of ships and snare of bergs.
Here, by the deep conflicting currents drawn,
I hung,
And swung,
The inland voices Gulfward calling me
To ground amid my peers on the alien strand
And roam no more.

But then an off shore wind,
A great wind fraught with fate,
Caught me and pressed me back,
And I resumed my solitary way.
Slowly I bore
South-east by bastioned Bauld,
And passed the sentinel light far-beaming late
Along the liners' track,
And slanted out Atlanticwards, until
Above the treacherous swaths of fog
Faded from view the loom of Newfoundland.

Beautiful, ethereal
In the blue sparkle of the gleaming day,
A soaring miracle
Of white immensity,
I was the cynosure of passing ships
That wondered and were gone,
Their wreathed smoke trailing them beyond the verge.
And when in the night they passed—
The night of stars and calm,—
Forged up and passed, with churning surge
And throb of huge propellers, and long drawn
Luminous wake behind,
And sharp, small lights in rows,
I lay a ghost of menace chill and still,
A shape pearl-pale and monstrous, off to leeward,
Blurring the dim horizon line.

Day dragged on day,
And then came fog,
By noon blind-white,
And in the night
Black-thick and smothering the sight.
Folded therein I waited,

Waited I knew not what
And heeded not,
Greatly incurious and unconcerned.
I heard the small waves lapping along my base,
Lipping and whispering, lisping with bated breath
A casual expectancy of death.
I heard remote
The deep, far-carrying note
Blown from the hoarse and hollow throat
Of some lone tanker groping on her course.
Louder and louder rose the sound
In deepening diapason, then passed on,
Diminishing, and dying,
And silence closed around.
And in the silence came again
Those stealthy voices,
That whispering of death.

And then I heard
The thud of screws approaching.
Near and more near,
Louder and yet more loud,
Through the thick dark I heard it,—
The rush and hiss of waters as she ploughed
Head on, unseen, unseeing,
Toward where I stood across her path, invisible.
And then a startled blare
Of horror close re-echoing,—a glare
Of sudden, stabbing searchlights
That but obscurely pierced the gloom;
And there
I towered, a dim immensity of doom.

A roar
Of tortured waters as the giant screws,

Reversed, thundered full steam astern.
Yet forward still she drew, until,
Slow answering desperate helm,
She swerved, and all her broadside came in view,
Crawling beneath me;
And for a moment I saw faces, blanched,
Stiffly agape, turned upward, and wild eyes
Astare; and one long, quavering cry went up
As a submerged horn gored her through and through,
Ripping her beam wide open;
And sullenly she listed, till her funnels
Crashed on my steep,
And men sprang, stumbling, for the boats.

But now, my deep foundations
Mined by those warmer seas, the hour had come
When I must change.
Slowly I leaned above her,
Slowly at first, then faster,
And icy fragments rained upon her decks.
Then my enormous mass descended on her,
A falling mountain, all obliterating.
And the confusion of thin, wailing cries,
The babel of shouts and prayers,
And shriek of steam escaping,
Suddenly died.
And I rolled over,
Wallowing,
And once more came to rest,
My long hid bases heaved up high in air.

And now, from fogs emerging,
I traversed blander seas,
Forgot the fogs, the scourging
Of sleet-whipped gales, forgot

THE ICEBERG

My austere origin, my tremendous birth,
My journeyings, and that last cataclysm
Of overwhelming ruin.
My squat, pale, alien bulk
Basked in the ambient sheen,
And all about me, league on league outspread,
A gulf of indigo and green.
I laughed in the light waves laced with white,—
Nor knew
How swiftly shrank my girth
Under their sly caresses, how the breath
Of that soft wind sucked up my strength, nor how
The sweet, insidious fingers of the sun
Their stealthy depredations wrought upon me.

Slowly now
I drifted, dreaming.
I saw the flying-fish
With silver gleaming
Flash from the peacock-bosomed wave
And flicker through an arc of sunlit air
Back to their element, desperate to elude
The jaws of the pursuing albacore.

Day after day
I swung in the unhasting tide.
Sometimes I saw the dolphin folk at play,
Their lithe sides iridescent-dyed,
Unheeding in their speed
That long grey wraith,
The shark that followed hungering beneath.
Sometimes I saw a school
Of porpoise rolling by
In ranked array,
Emerging and submerging rhythmically,

Their blunt black bodies heading all one way
Until they faded
In the horizon's dazzling line of light.
Night after night
I followed the low, large moon across the sky,
Or counted the large stars on the purple dark,
The while I wasted, wasted and took no thought,
In drowsed entrancement caught,—
Until one noon a wave washed over me,
Breathed low a sobbing sigh,
Foamed indolently, and passed on;
And then I knew my empery was gone;
As I, too, soon must go.
And well content I was to have it so.

Another night
Gloomed o'er my sight,
With cloud, and flurries of warm, wild rain.
Another day,
Dawning delectably
With amber and scarlet stain,
Swept on its way,
Glowing and shimmering with heavy heat.
A lazing tuna rose
And nosed me curiously,
And shouldered me aside in brusque disdain,
So had I fallen from my high estate.
A foraging gull
Stooped over me, touched me with webbed pink feet,
And wheeled and skreeled away,
Indignant at the chill.

Last I became
A little glancing globe of cold
That slid and sparkled on the slow-pulsed swell.

And then my fragile, scintillating frame
Dissolved in ecstasy
Of many coloured light,
And I breathed up my soul into the air
And merged forever in the all-solvent sea.

HOMERIC TECHNIQUE

E. T. Owen

THERE have appeared in recent years a number of books on Homer which encourage the hope that the spirit of Homeric criticism is undergoing a change.[1] It is not that the controversy is settled, or that the Unitarians have won, but the realization seems to be creeping in that after all the Homeric Question has very little to do with the poems. Mr. Bowra puts the case thus: "Both sides have begun to agree on the opinion that, whatever the authorship of the *Iliad* may be, it is still in some sense a work of art and has undergone some formative influence from a single poet. This poet may have composed the whole poem or he may have transformed independent poems into a unity, but in either case the poem may, and indeed must, be considered as a single work of art." And Professor Woodhouse more pointedly: "Nothing can alter the fact that the *Odyssey* stands in the world just as it is, and not otherwise. The function of criticism, here at any rate, is not to teach the poet a better way, but to endeavour to realize at full value just what he has chosen to give, in the way in which he chose to give it."

Surely this is a reasonable position to take. The poems do undoubtedly exist, and each of them as it stands is clearly intended to be regarded as an artistic whole. The flaws that have been found are either there or not there, and, if they are there, they either matter

[1] *Tradition and Design in the Iliad.* C. M. Bowra. Oxford, 1930.
The Composition of Homer's Odyssey. W. J. Woodhouse. Oxford, 1930.
Cambridge Ancient History, Vol. II, C. XVIII.
J. B. Bury. Macmillan, 1924.
The Pattern of the Iliad. J. T. Sheppard. Methuen, 1922.
The Epic and *The Idea of Great Poetry.*
Lascelles Abercrombie. Secker, 1922 and 1925.

or do not matter for the poem, and the cause of their being there does not alter their effect in the poem. It is legitimate, therefore, to put aside the question of authorship and sources, and to consider the existing poems, in their entirety, as works of art.

It is true, of course, that the art of a poem can be accurately estimated only in reference to the public for which it was composed and the methods of publication which directed and controlled the poet in composing it, and therefore, as we have no certain knowledge of these things in the case of Homer, we cannot rightly appraise—cannot even fully hear—the art of the constructor of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But the poems themselves do show enough for us to form reasonable conjectures in regard to some of the external conditions with which the poet was faced. We can see, for example, that he has in mind listeners, not readers, and many of the characteristic features of his narrative method are clearly devices designed to meet the obvious difficulties of a poet reciting a very long poem.

The question of the conditions which called for or allowed the recitation of such long poems must not be pressed. It may seem a vital one, but the difficulty of determining with historical certitude what these conditions were should not make us postpone for ever accepting and examining the poems as poems. They were composed for listeners and they are long. These two facts (for, though the first may be, strictly speaking, a conjecture, there is no reasonable doubt of it) are the basic facts we must take into account in judging the artistic methods of the poet. And they do, taken together, largely account for much of what we have come to call the Homeric or Epic manner.

For us Homer created the Epic, but for Homer, so to

put it, the Epic was but the natural, inevitable form for a long story. In other words, the Epic in its natural state and to its natural public is not, in intention, an Epic at all in our specific sense; it is simply the Homeric novel. What made it Epic was that Homer gave it a value that outlasted the conditions which produced it. Not that the Homeric method is a haphazard, go-as-you-please method. It is highly conventional, and clearly based on the practice and experience of generations of poets. It may be, as Bury suggests, that the *Iliad* in its scope and inclusiveness represents a new departure (of that we have no evidence), but at any rate it is not primitive or even early poetry; it is, if not the end, the peak and consummation of a long literary development.

Homer was not merely trying to tell a story. He was doing that, but it is evident that in doing so he had to follow a strict convention both in his subject and in his manner, not in order to make an Epic as distinct from some other kind of narrative, but in order to satisfy the needs and expectations of his public.

The invocation of the Muse, with which both poems begin, is not a mere poetical affectation, as it is with modern poets; it represents a sober fact. The poet is the mouthpiece of the Muses, and the Muses are the daughters of Memory; that is, in plain language, the poet is the speaker of tradition, and the tradition controls him. He is thus doing more than telling a story; with a full sense of responsibility, he is delivering the tradition. He is the book in which the chronicle of the past is recorded, the instrument through which the memory of his people functions. Accordingly, there is no assumption of originality; his pride is the pride of an accurate record, of a trustworthy instrument of memory. "Tell me, ye Muses" he says "for ye are goddesses and are present at

and know all things, but we have heard a rumour only, and nothing at all we know." He puts forward his poem, therefore, as something remembered rather than as something invented. This does not necessarily mean that he does not invent. The reference to the Muse is perhaps the ancient equivalent of the various artifices by which story-tellers to this day affect verisimilitude, as if they thought to pass off their fiction as fact. "What the poet was especially likely to emphasize" notes Professor Lawrence, of the mediaeval poets, "was his source, as a proof of the veracity of his statements. Sometimes he referred to historical documents as his authority." So Homer vouches for the truth and accuracy of his tale, by citing his authority. It is, of course, impossible to estimate with any certainty how much invention there really is in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It is at least arguable that the main story of the *Iliad* is the poet's own; it is not integral in the story of Troy; no previous knowledge, except of the general background of the Trojan legend, is required to follow it; within the tradition the poem is self-explanatory. But, however that may be, it is easy to see the aesthetic advantage for oral publication in this traditional material. A poet whose public is the audience before him must be exceedingly sensitive to the response of his public. In such a case it is as natural and almost as necessary that the subject should be familiar as that the language and manner should be familiar. In using this material the poet is merely using the most readily recognized emotional symbols. These names and this set of events have already an imaginative value for his audience. He has not therefore to get his audience tuned to his song; the subject sets them in tune. "Goddess, sing of the wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus". They may not know of the *wrath* of Achilles, but Achilles, the

son of Peleus, they know, and the whole, glorious background rises with his name—"The battle, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting".

Homer knows nothing of such requirements as that the Epic should be on "a subject of at least national importance." He does not think of the Trojan War as a struggle between Europe and Asia, as Herodotus did. He thinks of it as the occasion and background of the wrath of Achilles. A little subject, in some ways a petty one, and of such small scope. It is a shock to realize that practically the whole action of the *Iliad* is concerned with the events of five days. The hero is Achilles, but the subject is not even as wide as that; it is not Achilles, but the wrath of Achilles. Upon this narrow basis Homer has reared what has come to be regarded as the greatest Epic in the world, *the* Epic *par excellence*. That it has been called a second-rate subject need not trouble us, as it did not trouble Homer. Great subjects have been sought by later Epic poets, not with the idea of surpassing Homer, but in an endeavour to catch something of his greatness. They must pitch their voices high to make them sound like his. Homer's Epic is concerned not with the destinies of nations and suchlike Epic subjects, but with a little, intensely personal story. So Chadwick (*The Heroic Age*) notes that "Throughout the heroic poetry of the Teutonic peoples the chief motif is almost invariably love or revenge or personal bravery." The interest, as he says, centres round the hero as an individual, not as a member of a certain community.

What we have come to regard as the characteristic Epic technique is, one might say with partial truth, an accident of Homer's circumstances. His way is by amplification. Everything demands it—the projected length of the poem, the consequent serial presentation of

the story, the need for constant impressiveness of utterance. The critical habit of regarding art as peculiarly concerned with concentration has been the cause of much misplaced ingenuity in dealing with Homer's work. There is really nothing inherently less artistic in expanding to fill a required length than in condensing to fill a required length. Apart from other considerations, we are not necessarily making the *Iliad* more artistic by making it more concentrated. At any rate, Homer's aim was to include, not to exclude, as much as he could, and the effectiveness of his artistry must be judged by the success with which that aim has been accomplished.

He is, then, trying to be long. It is not that the story in itself requires great length; every effort has been made, all sorts of devices contrived, to build up, on the broadly laid framework of that story, the vast proportions of the poem. So he fills his poem with other stories, and not only ready-made ones (such as the Beguiling of Zeus or the Doloneia); he has a way of developing a necessary turn of the events into a story with a beginning, middle, and end of its own. The reason for this method of procedure is clear. In a poem of such length, designed to hold an audience, incidents must be interesting not solely as parts but in themselves. Every part must be a whole. The far-off event to which the whole is moving is enough to focus the interest of a reader, who is free to lay down his book at his pleasure, but a poet reciting to an audience for hours, perhaps, at a stretch, cannot suffer them to lay *him* down for a moment; if he does not hold their attention to the parts, he is lost and his poem is lost. So each part, small or large, tends to become a unit in itself, fully developed as for its own sake. The poet has to keep in mind the immediate interest from hour to hour as well as the growing interest in the whole. He must

progress by digression, and out of patchwork form his growing pattern.

Another of the delightful "quaintnesses", as we esteem them, of the Homeric manner is the prominence he constantly gives to details. He seems unable to resist dwelling upon them, however trivial. Everything that requires mention is treated as of first importance. There is, one might almost say, no change of emphasis. The death of a warrior, a meal, a bow, anything that catches his attention, is described fully, as if nothing in the world were so interesting or so important. The Homeric treatment of a simile is typical of this; it begins as an illustration but grows under the poet's hand into a picture that lives by its own right. "As when some woman of Maeonia stains ivory with purple, to make a cheekpiece for horses, and it is laid up in the treasure-chamber, and many horsemen pray to wear it; but it is laid up for a king's delight, alike an adornment for his horse and a glory for his charioteer"—an image peculiarly effective both for its resemblance and its contrast to white flesh stained with blood, but that ivory cheekpiece does for the time blot out the sight of "the shapely thighs and legs and ankles" of the wounded Menelaus.

There is amplification again, and the same sort of need, if not dictating, at least encouraging it. "The art of the Epic poet" says Professor Macneile Dixon (*English Epic and Heroic Poetry*) "is the art of deliberate amplification. To retain and heighten our interest without satisfying it, he will check his step, he will pause to describe the hero's sword or shield, or weave a simile or turn aside into some Elysian meadow. He is skilled in delays, in the creation and management of suspense. He will take no account of time while he enriches and decorates his theme, sweeping, as into a treasure-house,

all that lies within the wide horizons of human experience." That is true, but it shows how the artist adapts his difficulties to the service of his art. No doubt this feature has, so to say, forgotten its origin, and developed into an expected convention that, in consequence, has established and reflects a taste of the audience. But the necessity from which it springs is the need a reciting poet is under to hold the attention at every moment. Anything that is for any reason considered worth saying at all must be said with the emphasis of complete conviction of its importance; the poet dares not drop his voice, for to do so would be to invite inattention.

But observe it is the *art* of amplification. These practical needs of his have been turned by Homer to artistic account in the unfolding of his main story. The necessary lengthening and diversifying of his poem by the introduction and expansion of episodes, the emphatic clarity and particularity of statement required to get each topic "across" to an audience—these things become in relation to the main story the artistic device of the delayed action. In this way, he builds up, either within the episode or within the whole poem, the progressive interest in the ultimate event, while holding the attention to each passing moment. Striking examples of the use of this device on the small scale of an episode are the description of the bow of Pandarus just when we are waiting in breathless excitement to see whether Pandarus will yield to the temptation of Athena and send his fateful arrow at Menelaus, and, in the sending of Patroclus, the detailed account of all the preparations, when the Trojans are rushing upon the ships, and one of them is already ablaze. But when it is done on the really great scale, there is a profounder purpose, or at least a profounder effect, than merely to prolong the suspense.

"Homer was the creator of the spacious Epic," says Bury, "and his Epic conception, if the term may be used, was not that of a poem in which the interest is concentrated, as the dramatist concentrates it, exclusively on the one motif which gives it unity and on a few central figures, and in which nothing is admitted that does not bear more or less directly on the *dénouement*. Such was probably the conception of the small pre-Homeric Epic, but the Epic on the grand scale conceived by Homer was to be a composition in which the interest is extended to the whole background and environment. The means for combining this design with a dramatic plot was *delayed action*, and one of the principal functions of the gods who play such a large part in the *Iliad* was to provide devices for delaying the movement which conducts from Agamemnon's repulse of Chryses to the deaths of Patroclus and Hector."

It is an idle speculation how far Homer believed in his quaint gods, and poetically it is a question of no importance. What is interesting is the way he has adapted this part of his poetical inheritance to the exposition of his story, and made an harmonious picture of things essentially discordant. This is one of the most ingenious things in the mechanism of the poem. The relation of the gods to the story he uses as a kind of guiding pattern to symbolize and hence to fix, unconsciously as it were, the twofold plan of the poem in the mind of his audience. Zeus stands for the story proper, the other gods, with their plots to evade his commands and divert the course of events, for the intrusion and confusion of other interests that lead us from the main track of the story. And just as the will of Zeus works itself out through the delays caused by the opposition and interference of other gods, so does the controlling influence of the story absorb and

shape to its own use the various digressions and episodes and expansions which seem to break and retard its orderly development. By this means, stories that have strictly nothing to do with the wrath of Achilles can be brought into relation with it. They are represented as exploits inspired by some god to thwart the will of Zeus in regard to that wrath. Digressions from the story can figure in it as digressions from the declared purpose of Zeus. And in the first book the poet both explicitly associates the Achilles story with the will of Zeus and in the opening scene on Olympus motivates a confusion of stories by foreshadowing a confusion of purposes.

Now to build into the structure of that controlling story, without distorting it, the amount and variety of other matter the poet has used requires real constructive skill, and, though in some details his way of accomplishing it may run counter to modern notions of good artistic construction, there is no question that an illusion of progress and oneness is effected. If we allow the poem to carry us along in its own way, the impression is not of a patchwork of more or less ill-assorted anecdotes, but of one story moving forward to its conclusion in great sweeps of narrative that hold the attention to themselves and yet, in doing so, group themselves (or seem to) to form that story.

The sense of continuity and progress is achieved by the simple device of the single plane. It is in this as in so many other respects the method of drama. He projects his world, with its wide range in time and place and incident, upon the single plane of these few days' action. Having taken up his position at one point in the story, he goes forward from that point, and the next thing to be related, no matter what it is, is depicted as occurring next; the time sequence is never broken. This device

enables him to wander without confusing his listeners; they always know where they are because they are always in the same place. The antecedents of the story—the gathering of the ships at Aulis, the rape of Helen, the previous victorious engagements of the Greeks, the gods' decree against Troy—are translated into events of the first day's fighting; it is true dramatic exposition in which, while we go back, we go forward. The poem marches on, taking in what it needs in its stride, and gathering impetus from what it takes in. Stories from far away or long ago take their place on the scene of the action as reminiscences of persons engaged in the action. A series of raids carried out by Achilles earlier in the war, which show the importance and prowess of the hero, is described by casual allusions. And of the world that lies away from the battlefield he gives us vivid glimpses by means of similes, which in their place are both pictorially and dramatically effective. The countryside with its farms, vineyards, pasturelands, its forests, rivers and wild life—we are enabled to see it all without straying from the battlefield. At one place the poet pauses in his tale to describe in a series of set pictures the life of men outside the range of the story; and yet there is no interruption, no break in the singleness of the plane; for these are the pictures wrought by Hephaestus on the shield of Achilles, which is well within the story. He has ingeniously seized on the opportunity of the making of the new armour to set before us the larger life in which the tragedy of Troy takes place, without altering the plane of his picture. The dramatic effectiveness of this pause, coming where it does, has often been remarked; there is at the same time relief of emotional tension and yet a heightening of expectation through the holding back of the long awaited crisis—the meeting of Achilles and

Hector—and also a deepening of the poignancy of the tragedy by seeing it thus against the large indifferent background of the work-a-day life of the world.

But it is not this ingenious mechanical device of the single plane, nor any like logical device, that gives the *Iliad* its essential unity. Every one feels and acknowledges that unity, no matter how much he may dispute the unity of the means by which the impression is created —every one, that is, who reads the poem as a whole and lets it as a whole make its whole impression. The way it has been achieved cannot be fully treated within the brief compass of this paper—how the emotional pattern is carefully woven from episode to episode, how the feelings of his hearers are marshalled and directed to work with the poet's imaginative purpose by the rhythm and swing of motifs. These things are detailed with great subtlety and acuteness by Mr. Sheppard in his book. But there is one large aspect of the method which may perhaps be described as the fundamental Homeric technique, and therefore of supreme importance for our understanding of the artistry of the poem. An example of it on the small scale of an episode will show most simply what it is.

The Twelfth Book is designed to lead up to the fateful moment when Hector at last crossed the wall that protected the Achaean ships, and its internal economy shows vividly how the poet produces unity of effect by massing varieties of effects. Here he seems to be merely describing the battle first at one point, then at another; it is a series of pictures conveying as clearly as narrative can the turmoil of events and feelings which marked this critical struggle. We pass rapidly from one person to another, from one part of the field to another. The book is built just to describe how Hector crossed the wall,

and the poet pads it out with what others did, here, there, and everywhere; so we may say; and yet when Hector does burst through the wall he does so with the splendour of all these things around him. His spirit fills the battle-field; it shines all about him, and makes the fitting back-ground of his short-lived triumph. He moves as it were to great music that expresses, that interprets the spirit that inspires him. The poet comments on the significance of his act, but he comments by incidents which at the same time spread the battle before us. The folly of Hector—that is what is made clear, for us who know what destiny is preparing, in the scene in which he contemptuously rejects the advice of the far-seeing Polydamas; the splendour of that folly, worth all the wisdom in the world, is what the manifold music of the rest of the book makes plain. The cry of Hector is "Forward!", and the whole field, as it were, takes up the cry. It is as if, drowning the voice of prudence and common sense, the trumpets of heroism sounding the charge rang out triumphantly round Hector as he leapt within the gate. The event makes and reveals the harmony of the whole.

That is how Homer works; and that is the artistic principle on which the whole *Iliad*, with its amazing diversity of incident and interest, is rounded into a unity. Story is heaped upon story; one hero after another occupies the stage, and draws full attention to himself; great deed presses on great deed; it is the simplest of all narrative constructions—a succession of incidents loosely strung together. But the wrath of Achilles fuses them all into a harmony; it gives and interprets the significance of their succession. They exist for it, doubtless, but also it exists for them. They are arranged in an emotional order, not primarily a logical one, and the point of their

order is expressed and confirmed for the imagination in the story of Achilles. It represents the design which they all together form, the cadence or rhythm to which they all move. It gives effective imaginative expression to the impression of the whole.

It may well be indeed that "Homer" never thought about this, that all he cared for was to relate a series of legends in one poem and chose the Wrath Theme, as Gilbert Murray says, simply "for its fictional convenience". But if so, it makes no difference to the fact. Every poem, every story, besides a body, has a spirit—the shadow of the emotion, the mood, the thought, that the subject inspired in the poet. Whatever his conscious motive, the poet reveals, in the form he gives to his story, the imaginative value the events he records had for him. The shape of the poem is, so to speak, the shape of the poet's mind. And what gives the *Iliad* its great and permanent significance is, in the first place, that, since it is built out of the thoughts and imaginings of a whole people as enshrined in their ancient legends, its subject is life as it looked to that people, and, in the second place, that this subject is reflected, interpreted, unified in the mind of the poet. This does not mean that he had in any sense an ulterior motive in composing the *Iliad*, that it even faintly approaches allegory. It is as genuine a story as was ever told simply for its own sake, and no poet was ever less of a teacher than Homer. But the artistic problem for him, as for every artist, whether he was conscious of it or not, was to justify the existence of the thing he created, that is, to make it sufficiently significant to matter, and to find an effective symbol by which to convey into other minds the imaginative value it had for him. That is always, surely, the vital function of any artist's technique. Homer found his symbol in

Achilles. The reason why the poem, despite the deliberate dispersal of its interest, produces its unity of impression is because the poet has gathered up, and embodied for the imagination, the significance of all its parts in the person of his hero.

"The essential excellence of this Epic", says Mr. Routh in his book *God, Man, and Epic Poetry*, "is found neither in its style nor in its theme, but in something that inspires them both. As the reader turns the pages and the swift full rhythm seems to grow into distinct figures of men full of passion and energy in a world of bright colours, he becomes conscious of one dominating theme: the glory and pride which surround human beings. The object of all bards of the Heroic Age was to exalt the achievements of some warrior, but the Homeric poets have succeeded, from their point of view, in exalting human nature . . . The Achaean warrior survives as the most consistent and successful attempt yet made by man to realize his own grandeur and freedom."

This is not to say, however, that the Homeric poems depict man at his highest. Far from it. But they caught man just at that epoch in his career when he seemed to himself to be in a position to dominate his world. Homer's heroes walk their world in perfect confidence that their right arms will win for them such good as life has to offer; not that they feel themselves mightier than the gods, but they know their ways and what to expect of them. They have solved the secret of their universe, established an equilibrium with it, and found security, because they have taken the measure of its evil and its good, and they hold that security by the power of one virtue—courage.

This aspect of the poem, which gives to its simple story its weight of import, its deep and abiding hold on the imagination of mankind, has been well described by Mr.

Abercrombie. The evil may be summed up, he says, in the simple commonplaces, the brevity and uncertainty of human life and the practical finality of death. These conditions rob life of any value in itself. Human life as such is futile and means nothing—"As the leaves of the forest, so are the generations of men; the leaves that be, the wind scatters on the earth, and the forest buds and puts forth more again when the season of spring is at hand; so of the generations of men, one puts forth and another ceases." This fact the Homeric warrior looks in the face, and makes for it no mask of hope to hide the grimness of its features. That being so, then the value of life, its goodness, is something that the individual man must impose upon life, and he creates it out of the inherent evil. Because death is the certain end of all things, and because also "ten thousand sprites of death do every way beset us," just because, that is, he holds the gift of life on so brief and precarious a tenure—*therefore* every man has the chance to transform it into a splendid thing by his courage in risking it. It is perhaps just the virtue of the daredevil, who still however wins our admiration. And just that—the admiration of his fellows at his daring facing of death—is the measure of what a man has made of his life, the goodness that Achilles, and men like Achilles, wrung from the essential evil of life. It is for this that Achilles bartered his proper span of life. His goddess mother had revealed to him that two possible destinies lay before him—"If I abide here and besiege the Trojans' city, then my returning home is taken from me, but my fame is imperishable; but if I go home, my high fame is taken from me, but the days of my life shall be long." That gives the measure of the wrong done him, when his prize, the symbol of the army's praise and admiration, the concrete embodiment of the fame he has

won, is taken from him. He has suffered the ultimate injustice. "Mother, since you bore me to so short a span of life, honour at least the Olympian was bound to give me." He has paid the price, and has been defrauded. Through the action of Agamemnon, the glory which is the worth of life to the hero, that good for which he has already given his life, is turned to evil; he is shamed, belittled, publicly proclaimed of less account than his peers who had acclaimed him first in honour. His life has lost the great and splendid meaning he himself gave it. Achilles' occupation's gone.

But while for us a recognition of this point of view helps to explain the conduct of Achilles, for the original hearers the figure of Achilles would stand as an image, an epitome of the significance of life. Achilles is every man—that is, heroic man—only more so. He is the age's criticism of life conceived and expressed in terms of art. The glory and the brevity of human life—that is the theme upon which the multitudinous and varied harmonies of the *Iliad* are built; glory and early death—these are the things that control and shape the outlook and the conduct of Achilles. In his knowledge of his early death, in his intense realization of what alone makes life valuable, they would find concentrated, intensified, and interpreted, the doom and salvation of human kind as they themselves unconsciously interpreted them in their lives. And for us too, unconsciously guided and lighted through its mazes and obscurities by this arresting figure, reading the *Iliad* becomes a re-adventuring of the human spirit through that strange, heroic world, a re-experiencing of life under the entirely different conditions and hence with the entirely different standards of value belonging to that age. It is both a terrible and an exhilarating experience. We all, I think, as we read, feel we understand something

of what Goethe meant in the saying quoted by both Matthew Arnold and Mr. Abercrombie as suggesting the keynote of the *Iliad:* "From Homer I every day learn more clearly that in our life here above ground we have, properly speaking, to enact Hell." Exhilarating, because for the time being we are identified with men who have not only not quailed before such a vision of life, nor have evolved a stoic resignation to face it with, but have wrought out of the stark terror of that vision the mastery, the splendour, the enjoyment of life.

"An Epic is not made by piecing together a set of heroic lays, adjusting their discrepancies and making them into a continuous narrative," says Mr. Abercrombie. "It is what the poet does with the tradition he falls in which is, artistically, the important thing. He takes a mass of confused splendours, and he makes them into something which they certainly were not before, something which, as we can clearly see by comparing Epic poetry with mere Epic material, the latter scarcely hinted at. He makes this heap of matter into a grand design; he forces it to obey a single presiding unity of artistic purpose. Obviously something much more potent is required for this than a fine skill in narrative and poetic ornament. Unity is not merely an external affair. There is only one thing which can master the perplexed stuff of Epic material into unity; and that is an ability to see in particular human experience some significant symbolism of man's general destiny."

This statement, if properly interpreted, contains the heart of the matter. Epic is Epic, and not just an obsolete narrative method, because it chanced that the method was used by a great artist. Homer's aim, we may say, was no more than narrative, to tell a story as the conventions of his time dictated. He took a number

of traditional tales and worked them together, in loose fashion perhaps, but with at least sufficient skill for his simple purpose of holding the immediate attention of his audience and sustaining their continuous interest; but in doing so, in marshalling the unwieldy mass of his material in his mind, he gave it a more vital unity—the imaginative value it all had for him.

It is, in the final analysis, the Epic mind reflected in the structure of the poem that accounts for the continued supremacy of the *Iliad* among literary productions, and for the survival of Epic as a narrative form into later ages when story-telling had assumed other forms in obedience to changed conditions. Perhaps the mechanism of the poem, here and there, may really sound "clumsy", "cumbrous", "ramshackle", to our sophisticated ears, trained in the very different tradition of books and reading (though I am not so sure that we should have noticed it, had not our attention been drawn to it by scholars examining the poem for other than artistic ends); but we should realize that this is no condemnation of its artistry. *King Lear* is still great art, though it fits but clumsily into the theatre of to-day. The secret of the permanent fascination of a great work is that, while it is necessarily shaped to fit its particular environment, it is also shaped to fit and fill a great imagination. And here is the infallible witness to the existence of Homer. If he never existed, we are compelled to invent him. The name stands, if for nothing else, for the imagination whose impress we see in the shape of the poem.

UGO FOSCOLO AND SOME ENGLISHMEN

A. S. Noad

"AT some house where we were dining in London, I forget with whom, Ugo Foscolo, the poet, was one of the party. He was extremely excitable and irritable, and when some one spoke of a translation of Dante as being perfect, 'Impossible', shouted Foscolo, starting up in great excitement, at the same time tossing his cup full of coffee into the air, cup and all, regardless of the china and the ladies' dresses." This is what Mary Somerville says of Foscolo in her *Personal Recollections*. All she can remember of one of the most fascinating conversationalists of his age is that he threw his coffee-cup into the air when excited. But then, Foscolo, besides being a poet and a talker, was a foreigner, and such queer actions are typical of foreigners, and deserve to be recalled.

In the light of this reference, we must picture the strange appearance of the Italian. Above the middle height, but stooped from much reading, his powerful body was surmounted by a singularly ugly, yet attractive, face. Its long hollow cheeks, half-covered by straggling sandy whiskers, and its sensuous mouth, were more than redeemed by a magnificent forehead, and eyes that have been variously described as "magnetic", "electric", and "blazing". When we imagine this figure set down in the English drawing-room of one hundred years ago, and moving with spasmodic vigour at the promptings of a phenomenally active mind, we can form some idea of why Foscolo affected our forefathers as he did.

On September 11, 1816, Ugo Foscolo arrived at

London, to be received with open arms as an illustrious exile. He died there in the autumn of 1827 after having passed through almost every possible vicissitude of fortune, exhausted the patience of all but a very few faithful friends, and made numerous enemies in all walks of life. During those eleven years Foscolo was continually writing, and if he then produced no such romances as *Jacopo Ortis*, no such poems as *I Sepolcri*, his critical contributions to English periodicals rank with the very finest of their time. His literary admirers, and they numbered among them a good many who expressed their detestation of his personal character, were unanimous in praising his essays for a depth of psychological study and a breadth of cultural background unattained even by Hazlitt and Macaulay. But after his death, Foscolo was almost forgotten in England. His essays were never collected and reprinted; not all of them have been identified; and it has been left to Italian students in modern times to bring out the full significance of his work.

Certainly these have performed their task with thoroughness. The critical literature about Foscolo is enormous. Scarcely a week goes by in which a newspaper or magazine article does not appear dealing with some aspect of his life or writings, while the number of books devoted to such subjects runs into the hundreds. And since every event in Foscolo's career and almost every line he wrote in Italian have been discussed with loving attention, it is not surprising to find a great deal of notice given to that stormy decade in England which closed his life. All the well-known accounts of Foscolo speak at length of the years 1816-1827, and there is one very complete and painstaking study of them alone, Viglione's *Ugo Foscolo in Inghilterra*. The monumental four-volume

biography by Antona-Traversi and Ottolini allots a whole volume to "The Exile".

Naturally, the character of the English as a race and the characters of individual Englishmen enter pretty frequently into these discussions. Foscolo had dealings with most of the men of letters writing at London, particularly those interested in reviewing. Rogers, Campbell, and John Cam Hobhouse (Byron's friend) knew him well; Crabbe and Moore were among his acquaintances. Students of Italian literature and history, like Roscoe, William Stewart Rose, Frere, and the Wiffens, turned to him for literary counsel and criticism on more than one occasion. Younger men and women, just making their way into the charmed circle of literature, served gladly as his secretaries and translators. The great moguls of journalism, Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh* and Murray of the *Quarterly*, along with the editors of half-a-dozen less weighty periodicals, bid for the products of his pen and were proud to number him among their contributors.

There were, too, associations of a less pleasant and profitable kind: those with tradesmen, lawyers, and money-lenders, among whom the unlucky author became more and more hopelessly involved as time went on. Given by nature to extravagance, and unable to recognize the need for economy when it stared him in the face, Foscolo eventually met ruin, had Digamma Cottage, his magnificent villa, sold for debt, and even after this sacrifice was compelled to seek shelter under an assumed name, and to dodge, not always successfully, the bailiffs hired by his creditors.

The Italian biographers and critics, then, have constantly had to deal with their hero in his relations with English society, English business, and English law.

They have shown a perfectly understandable sympathy for their fellow-countryman; while full of praises for those Englishmen who befriended Foscolo and tried to understand his works, they have, almost without exception, launched violent condemnations at those whose attitude was chilly or hostile. What is more, the tradesfolk and others whose efforts to obtain payment of sums owing them probably hastened his end, by aggravating an already serious ailment, are treated by these critics as mercenary harpies, incapable of recognizing what is due to genius in misfortune.

Where the reputations involved are completely obscure, there can be no particular reason for wishing, at this late hour, to redress the balance and accord the "persecutors" of Foscolo fairer treatment than they have hitherto received. But some of the men given such sinister characters by Foscolo's Italian biographers are not at all obscure, and it seems strange that English criticism has so long allowed altogether misleading statements concerning these to pass unchallenged. This is conspicuously so in the case of William Pickering.

Pickering was the printer with whom Foscolo negotiated during the last two years of his life for the publication of his edition of the *Divine Comedy*. The work was to have been his critical masterpiece; instead it proved to be his ruin. Announced in glowing terms by the publisher, and eagerly awaited by those who properly gauged the editor's genius, it never saw the light during Foscolo's lifetime, and when years afterwards it finally appeared, through the efforts of Mazzini and others, it produced an effect of stunning disappointment. The amount of trouble it caused Foscolo and all those associated with him in the enterprise can be estimated only by those who have had access to the immense mass of manuscript letters

and other documents bearing upon it. The Italian critics, then, are perhaps not far wrong when they say, as they frequently do, that the worry and strain brought on by this ill-fated venture had more than any other single cause to do with his comparatively early collapse and death.

By them practically the whole blame for the failure is laid at the door of Pickering. The more kindly ones picture the printer as a shrewd, relentless man of business, who, in an effort to exploit his author to the uttermost, over-reached himself; the others have no hesitation in calling him a rogue and a cheat.

Now William Pickering is a fairly well-known figure in the annals of English printing, and a respected one. The best products of his presses are today eagerly sought after. Some of them, for example the tiny pocket editions of English classics, have always been regarded as landmarks in typographical history. And his personal, no less than his professional, reputation has always stood high. He is accused by Foscolo's admirers of having taken advantage of English business methods to exploit him. As a matter of fact, though gifted with an ordinary capability in such matters, he was himself victimized by others, and had to retire from business in the end, a ruined man, because of his having too readily backed their notes. Thus, to assume, without a good deal of direct evidence, that he was the wrong-doer and Foscolo the victim is to fly in the face of facts; for even Foscolo's most earnest adulators have to admit that their idol was occasionally driven to employ rather dubious methods in his search for "quattrini".

There is, as it happens, a good deal of direct evidence obtainable, and all of it points to Foscolo as the guilty one. Perhaps "guilty" is too strong a word here, for there can

be no question of a fraud perpetrated for monetary gain, or in order to injure Pickering. Yet it is hard to know how otherwise to describe a deliberate deception practised by the author upon the publisher, when Foscolo, sick and tired of the whole business and broken in health, delivered an incomplete manuscript and received the payment due for a complete one.

An original agreement had been made for a whole series of Italian classics to be edited by Foscolo and published by Pickering, the first three or four volumes to consist of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. To enter into all the details of this arrangement and its subsequent numerous modifications would be tiresome; it is enough to note that throughout the dealings between Pickering and Foscolo the latter was in the former's debt, compelled to sign notes and to undergo humiliations unavoidable in the circumstances but particularly galling to one of his impatient and haughty nature. Pickering, on the other hand, trusted Foscolo to a remarkable extent. He paid him four pounds weekly for a considerable period, while as yet not a line of the *Dante* had been published, and it was not until the editor's delays in providing manuscript had made it seem as though this payment must be continued indefinitely that it was suspended.

Out of all the quarrels and reconciliations that occupied the year 1826, a final agreement emerged in January, 1827: the manuscript of the outstanding volumes of text was to be consigned to the printer by March 15, 1827; Pickering was to pay Foscolo a lump sum representing the balance due of four hundred pounds, the price originally agreed on. On that date, the poet delivered his package of manuscript (he had previously stipulated that Pickering was not to open it before accepting it,

in order that no insulting reflection might be made upon Foscolo's honour), and received his payment.

Yet, says Viglione, "non si sa perche", the publisher never made use of the manuscript, obtained as it was after such long and troublesome efforts. The Foscolo edition of Dante remained unpublished for ten years and more, until Mazzini, acting for the Florentine publisher Rolandi, bought it back from Pickering and saw it through the press himself in 1840. How can we explain this?

The explanation is simple. It appeared in Mazzini's own account of his editorial labours given in his *Collected Works* (1863), but oddly enough was neglected by Foscolo's critics till brought forward thirty years ago in an obscure periodical, and again in 1917, by Angelo Ottolini, one of the foremost living Foscolo scholars.

When Foscolo handed over Pickering's counter his bundle of manuscript, he delivered the collated and annotated text of the *Inferno* only. The edition of the other two parts of the *Divine Comedy* was represented by printed pages, with blank sheets attached, ready for the insertion of variants and commentary—the readings and the notes themselves were non-existent. Mazzini leaves us in no doubt as to this point. After explaining it, he goes on, "I felt it an obligation to Foscolo and to Dante literature not to let the part of the work that had been completed go to waste." And hence he set himself the task of correcting and editing the text left in its raw state by the original editor, and after a hard struggle, emerged with the *Purgatory* and *Paradise* complete. These, as they stand in the 1840 edition, are the work not of Ugo Foscolo but of Giuseppe Mazzini, a great patriot and a loyal disciple of his predecessor, but in the field of Dante scholarship far inferior to him.

While all biographers of Foscolo are now agreed as to the truth of Mazzini's account of the edition of Dante (the definitive Antona-Traversi and Ottolini life gives considerable space to it), none of them makes any comment upon the light thrown by it on Foscolo's dealings with Pickering. Here the unfortunate defrauded writer, so often "canzonato", to use Viglione's favourite word, by the crafty and grasping publisher, hands him what is virtually a worthless manuscript and accepts four hundred pounds for it. Surely a strange dénouement to the story.

Then, too, it is damaging to the case of those who persist in blaming Pickering for all the difficulties and delays, that Foscolo, a few months after his delivery of the manuscript (June 10, 1827), should have written to his benefactor, the banker Hudson Gurney, in this strain (I keep the odd spelling and phraseology of the original):—

"I was bound to deliver the whole of the manuscript of the remaining four volumes of Dante within the short period of ten weeks. I worked, therefore, almost night and day giving constant employment to three copyists, and by such means the whole was delivered on the day appointed. The remaining poets that comparatively require little if any labour have been given up; and my long studies and toils on Dante, after detracting the expenses, produced to me little more than two hundred pounds, that is I worked at the rate of less than two pounds a week. Still I must be satisfied, and satisfied likewise with the total loss of my Lucubrations and MSS.; since the Publisher not finding his speculation very likely to produce a speedy return, has given up, it appears, the intention of printing the four volumes."

Foscolo coolly blames the unlucky Pickering for not publishing a manuscript which he himself knew perfectly well was quite unfit for the printer, and his assumption

of injured innocence has been sufficiently good to impose on nearly all his readers. It is hard, in the face of these facts, to persevere in one's admiration and sympathy for Foscolo, even granting that he was grievously ill and at his wits' end for money most of the time. And yet, genius in its despair can always touch us, and there would be no purpose in dragging the sordid story to light were it not to clear the reputation of Pickering.

He emerges from the whole affair rather well. He may have been too commercially-minded to have undertaken the publication of such a work of scholarship as Foscolo's Dante would have been; judging from letters exchanged between the two over the length of the volumes, Pickering was disposed to place the number of pages filled before the profundity of the learning displayed. To him, a book of four hundred pages contained four hundred pages, not four hundred and fifty, and when Foscolo over-ran the limit Pickering unhesitatingly charged him extra for the printing. This and some other annoyances of the irascible author must be set down against him. But except for reckless statements flung about by Foscolo in his letters, we have nothing that would show him deliberately setting about the deception and exploitation which are regularly referred to by his Italian critics. On the other hand, he refrained from making public the trick that had been played upon him. Viglione and others are appalled that after Foscolo's death he should have accused the poet of ingratitude; this and similar mild charges they have no hesitation in calling lies. As we have seen, however, Pickering had in his hands materials to support much more serious accusations than any he ever made, and that he abstained from making them surely argues well for his character. It is worth remembering, too, that in the list of subscribers

to a memorial to Ugo Foscolo opened shortly after the poet's death the name of William Pickering stands near the head.

Not that he remained altogether silent about the edition and its fate; it would have been superhuman to allow stories concerning it to get about that would damage his reputation, and not make an effort to refute them, merely because doing so involved casting some reflection upon the dead Foscolo. Pickering did once speak out, though without telling the worst of the truth.

In 1829, two years after the death of Foscolo, there appeared at Lugano the *Operette Varie*, containing among other minor works a letter written by him late in 1826 to his friend, the Florentine patriot Gino Capponi. In this letter Foscolo gave an account of his dealings with Pickering, full of glaring inconsistencies, and, like nearly everything else he wrote on the subject, calculated to make the publisher out a downright villain. The book was reviewed in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for November, 1829, and the author of the article, André Vieusseux, undoubtedly drew upon Pickering for much of his information.

Part of Foscolo's letter concerning Pickering runs as follows: "But towards the end of that year (1825) certain booksellers, who were in partnership with mine in this undertaking of the Italian poets, failed, and heaven knows how many authors. . . .have from that time been reduced to poverty. . . .Walter Scott has lost thirty thousand pounds by them, but Government supplied him with some lucrative employment. However I am neither Walter Scott, *nor a Tory*, and I am, moreover, an *alien*—therefore I have been obliged to put up with the loss of my twelve hundred pounds, besides three hundred more spent in amanuenses, books, and proof-correctors, without

the satisfaction of having even a single copy of the volume already published; because between the bookseller and the assignees of his co-partners in the speculation of my edition, some half-printed volumes and my MSS. have been sequestrated and sold for the benefit of the creditors, of whom I am also one: but in the interim, while waiting to recover a tenth of what I have lost, I find myself in great distress, and both my edition and my career stopped together."

The reviewer's note upon this runs, "From this sentence to the end of the paragraph is as much a romance as the *Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*. Mr. Pickering had *no* partners whatever with him in the speculation; *no* half-printed volumes or MSS. were sequestered or sold for the benefit of creditors, *because they were not in existence to sequester;* Foscolo received every shilling of the money stipulated for the Dante; at the time this letter was written he was still labouring on the *Commedia*, but did not complete it until six months afterwards, namely, March, 1827."

Which of the two accounts corresponds most closely to the facts as they are now established, and which of the two witnesses is worthier of credence?

Thus, the tale of Pickering's base and cruel exploitation of Foscolo must be abandoned; it is one more of the myths that have grown up in such profusion around the figures of the Romantic generation. And with it must go a picture dear to the hearts of Continental critics—a warm-hearted, generous, impulsive Italian in the clutches of a cold, merciless English "businessman", who turns the splendid creature into a draught-horse and breaks its spirit.

If, however, Foscolo was not victimized and ruined financially or otherwise through any fault of Pickering's,

it is none the less true that he was made to suffer in his association with Englishmen. English social life helped to bring about his downfall; he never really understood either its first effusive welcome or its later chilly neglect.

On his arrival at London, he was lionized by the leaders of Whig society, partly as a poet and partly as a patriot, and soon became a familiar figure at the entertainments given at Holland House. Freely introduced to members of the aristocracy, he was invited to their country houses, dined at their tables, and was exalted as a literary power in Europe, the noble representative of an oppressed people and the author of *Jacopo Ortis*. In 1823, when he offered a course of lectures on Italian literature under the patronage of Lady Dacre, the subscriptions amounted to seven hundred pounds and his *Essays on Petrarch*, published in the same year, were received with universal praise.

Yet behind all this hospitality and admiration, Foscolo was made to feel a lurking dislike. His manners were never those of an English drawing-room. He shouted and gesticulated too much, and he lost his temper in argument. On occasion he spoke slightingly of religion. His naive egotism was not hidden under the veneer of a gentleman. As a result, many of the elegant lords and ladies whom he first met, and more of the members of the middle-class society among whom he subsequently moved, looked upon him as some sort of strange monster, interesting and amusing for a while because of its very oddity, but in the end boring and disgusting.

Joseph Jekyll writes in January, 1818, to his sister-in-law, Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley, "You had no loss in Foscolo, with all his learning and talents; he is what Dr. Johnson called a 'tremendous companion', uttering

with the clamour of a speaking trumpet a jargon composed of every language under heaven, and never combined before since the Tower of Babel. At Holland House they grew dead sick of him."

And we have several long accounts of Foscolo and his English hosts which draw the inevitable contrast. Foscolo meets Wordsworth, for instance, and the encounter is thus described with relish by the artist William Bewick in his *Life and Letters:*—

"On one occasion I met the Italian poet and lecturer Ugo Foscolo with Wordsworth and some ladies at tea at Haydon's in the evening. The contrast between the two poets was remarkable. Our own sat still and collected, philosophic and considerate. His soul seemed full of the religion of poetry. . . . His Italian brother poet, volatile and passionate, ever and anon started from his chair, and vapoured about—whirling round the room—twirling his quizzing glass rapidly in excitement, as if he were suffering under some galvanic influence, expressing by violent action and gestures, as well as in every feature of his remarkable face, whatever sentiment or proposition he wished to enforce."

Foscolo, at the invitation of one of the ladies, repeated his famous sonnet on himself, bellowing the lines in his usual fashion.

"No one unused to Italian recitation can form a just conception of it. Haydon's small parlour seemed too confined for the voice, or for the violent gesticulation of Signor Foscolo. Wordsworth appeared astounded as the Italian proceeded with the description of himself, and seemed to be wondering to what excess this unexpected phrenetic display would lead; and when the poet came to the last four lines, in which the letter *r* is rather frequent, our English poet seemed moved to fear, and opened

his mouth and eyes, gasping for breath, so startling was the effect of the shrill trumpet-like voice of the speaker, as it vibrated, sonorous or deep, with the rough sound of the letter *r* rumbling in his throat or rattling on his tongue. The ladies fluttered in tremulous agitation, looking at each other, not without alarm, as this strange original was acting his wild part before them, throwing himself into all the contortions of which his pliant body was capable, while his voice and expression were equally variable and intense; his 'intent and deep-sunk eyes' darting like lightning, burning in anger, or melting in pensive softness, as occasion demanded."

How he lays it on! And what a piece of unconscious cruelty the whole scene is! Not a ridiculous detail is missed, even to the fluttering of the ladies, who perhaps were enjoying themselves most of all. We can imagine the conversations that ensued as soon as the foreigner had left the room!

Bewick's account does not end here. A little later, Foscolo and Wordsworth engaged in an argument about disinterestedness, the Italian maintaining, in his paradoxical way, that no such thing existed. Wordsworth mildly contradicted him. At last Foscolo "sprang upon his feet, eyed the philosophical poet at the opposite side of the room, for a moment only,—

'Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved';

then walking up directly in front of his antagonist, deliberately doubled his fist, and held it in Wordsworth's face, close to his nose, staring at him with his curious Chinese eyes, and crying, or bawling rather, in rude emphasis,—

" 'Bah! It is all to satisfy self, Sir, to please self, to gratify self-love or pride. . . .(etc., etc.)'.

"Having uttered these *liberal* sentiments with the vehemence natural to the Italian, holding his clenched fist all the time in our poet's face, he started off suddenly with a triumphant wave of his extended hand, and spinning quickly round the circle of the company, he nodded as he passed each his self-satisfaction, as if he had quite confounded his adversary, tossing and twirling his quizzing-glass the whole time in agitation and excitement. The self-complacency and apparent conceit could only be equalled by a Malvolio; and as he repeated his circuitous turns round and round, the ladies drew in their feet and costume, not a little apprehensive, for they were shocked at the liberty taken with a gentleman of such moderation and mildness as Mr. Wordsworth, however amused they might be at the novel antics of the foreign poet."

Wordsworth, it is hardly necessary to add, was quite unmoved by the oratory of his opponent, and only repeated in a low tone, "Well, I must and do believe that there are such things existing as sincere disinterestedness, philanthropy, and even patriotism."

And yet, there is something about that fist at the philosophic poet's nose, even though presented by a foreigner, which is not altogether displeasing to us.

As a pendant to this scene might be placed one described by Cyrus Redding in his *Literary Reminiscences*. Redding was once present, he says, at a breakfast in Foscolo's lodgings, along with Thomas Campbell and William Roscoe, author of two notable books on Italian history. Foscolo and Roscoe fell into a discussion of the comparative merits of Virgil and Homer, Foscolo upholding the latter.

"Roscoe, looking the Roman whose cause he championed, was all deliberation and coolness, while Foscolo, so warm in his temperament, and so impetuous in argu-

ment, poured forth words in a torrent, half English, half foreign, as he always did when excited. The scene was highly amusing. Roscoe was unruffled, while Foscolo, who could scarcely rein in his temper, made in consequence, the most extravagant assertions, according to his habit under such circumstances. The calmness of that fine, noble-looking old man of seventy rather excited Foscolo; his imperturbability appearing a species of provocation to the Italian, who reverenced Homer as an ancient did Jupiter. How long the contest would have continued it was difficult to tell. It was put an end to by Campbell archly asking Foscolo whether the identity of Homer could be relied upon, because some had asserted that he was no other than Solomon, King of the Jews."

"The scene was highly amusing"! How much amusement Foscolo must have provided his English friends and acquaintances; he was so delightfully easy to draw out. That he often left such encounters with his raw nerves quivering, and his whole view of English society jaundiced, was, after all, a matter of little import. For was he not a foreigner, living, in a sense, upon the bounty of his hosts? Not that the situation was put thus crudely by those who avowed themselves Foscolo's friends. But he was made to recognize, time and time again, that he was an alien, and placed in a society which had no intention of relaxing in his favour one of its conventions, except in so far as by doing so it could obtain a temporary diversion. Then the circle closed, the faces altered, and the stranger was made to feel the unalterable nature of his guilt—having been born out of England. Gently, as a rule, but with iron precision, he was put in his place.

Not even this much consideration was always shown. It was an age of hard hitting in the magazines and reviews, and Foscolo, by identifying himself with the Whigs, had

laid himself open to the attacks of Tory journalists. Judge of his feelings when at the hour of his fleeting prosperity, in May, 1824, he read remarks like these in *Blackwood's:*—"Ugo Foscolo's *Ultime Lettere*, and some of his minor verses, are beautiful productions undoubtedly but to set up any such outlandish heathen of this kind, and give him permission to open his humbugging jaws, in the periodical literature of this great and civilized empire, this, I maintain, is indefensible and atrocious quackery."

How was the unfortunate Italian to realize that such comments were the merest love-taps in comparison with the treatment meted out by *Blackwood's* to Leigh Hunt and the "Cockney school" in general? Foscolo always took criticism of himself far too seriously, and this sort of treatment embittered him for days at a time.

It is refreshing to remind oneself that in spite of these painful aspects of his stay in England, some of the finest and most enduring friendships of his career were formed there. William Stewart Rose, the friend of Walter Scott, married to an Italian wife and noted for his translations from the Italian, understood Foscolo and sympathized with him as perhaps no other man did; time and again he came to the exile's aid with advice, or smoothed his path by providing valuable introductions. Barberina, Lady Dacre, who was even more gifted as a translator than Rose, as her versions from Petrarch show, was always Foscolo's staunch friend, admitting his faults but full of enthusiasm for his great redeeming qualities. Her letters to him make charming reading. If the gay coterie of Holland House "grew dead sick of him", Lord Holland never lost his admiration for the poet, of whom he once said, "I am not sure he is not the cleverest man I ever met with in all my life."

These and other notable men and women were proud to own Foscolo as their friend; they regarded him as a human being, not an amusing monster to be tantalized until he roared again. Their tribute to his genius was not affected by the fact that his ways were not theirs, and they recognized that some of the very characteristics that were most un-English might be the most valuable in him. That they were in a hopeless minority was, after all, only to be expected. Even in the age of Maurois and Zweig one is not at all sure that a Foscolo, in flesh and blood, would be treated so very differently from the way in which he was treated a hundred years ago.

THE DRIFT OF MODERN FICTION

PELHAM EDGAR

TWO tendencies are constant in every form of literature, as indeed they are constant in every manifestation of human activity. We may regard them, therefore, as laws of life operating universally, it is true, but reflected most discernibly in the sensitive medium of the expressive arts. And it is by these tendencies of retrogression and progression that we must seek to measure the advance of fiction, which if not the greatest is incontestably the most flexible of literary forms.

In the typical commercial novel the retrogressive element prevails. Standardised and stereotyped it will repeat to-morrow what it has said to-day, and by virtue of its multitude will proclaim the triumphant incompetence of majority opinion. If, therefore, it were sufficient to indicate a prevailing tendency in fiction, we might rest our case here, and save our self-respect by the certain knowledge that every generation tolerates only its own mediocrity and has no relish for the insipidities of the past.

We prefer, however, to deal with forward-pointing books by which the future will estimate our insight and our art, and will appreciate the problems that peculiarly beset us. In general the retrogressive and progressive forces are here more evenly poised. Tradition, but slightly modified, will often prevail in the form, whereas the content will reveal a point of view that is characteristically of our age. These are the safe, wise books of our day, but they fail to satisfy the riotously minded young who demand a more drastic severance from traditional structure, and a more vehement assault upon inherited

opinion. Mr. Galsworthy adequately represents the former type and Mr. James Joyce the latter, and the effect upon fiction of their contrasted efforts it will be the purpose of this paper to investigate.

Having narrowed the issue down to books of acknowledged power we might seem to have simplified our task. Let us but establish the structural deviations of contemporary experiment, and we may point forward with some confidence to the evolution of fiction on its formal side, and could we but take the measure of the modern consciousness we might with equal assurance predict the general direction of the drift of thought, and so come to terms with fiction upon its intellectual side.

But it is really very hard to take hold of this slippery thing, the novel, by the tail, and the more we ponder the question the less sanguine are we of a definite result.

We may for example satisfy ourselves somewhat fatuously that we are aware of the contents of this modern consciousness, only to realize that many excellent novels are timeless in the sense that they do not date, and because they concern themselves with the permanent characteristics of the human group set in motion by the story. But since our most important books are swayed by the thought currents of their period we may with advantage seek to gauge the drift of the intellectual tides.

The intensive specialization of many generations has in a sense widened the breach between the artist and the man of science; but it is peculiarly the mark of our age to have produced a race of articulate and artistic specialists who are able to convert the intricate material of the laboratory or the observatory into food for the imagination. Thanks to the efforts of Eddington, Jeans, and Whitehead we are all now, or may be, amateur metaphysicians, physicists, and astronomers. Science

may despise our superficiality, but a significant movement of ideas has been generated, and a new racial consciousness is in process of development.

The repercussions of this process must infallibly convey a shock to the more sensitive literary minds, though we must probably wait for a few generations before the full effect is evident. A period of absorption and assimilation is necessary. As yet we are too near the source to adjust our minds to the new world outlook, and have to content ourselves for the present with the muddy vision of an H. G. Wells whose art has refused to keep pace with the perplexed energy of his brain, or with the more vivid presentation of advanced ideas in the animated debates which are Aldous Huxley's amusing substitute for fiction.

If the process of assimilation is still incomplete, and science and metaphysics too attenuated to serve our purpose, we are uncomfortably aware of the spiritual unrest which they have engendered in the creative minds of our day—an unrest that does not manifest itself in an eager and earnest searching after the truth—no, that savours too much of pietistic endeavour to suit our undevout and unromantic temper—but in an angry conviction that since truth is unattainable flippancy is a permitted and even desirable alternative. If we are right in our contention nothing could be more foreign to our modern habit of thought than the serious effort of George Eliot to confront the problems of human destiny.

Meanwhile we prefer to be amusedly annoyed. But in fairness to ourselves we might suggest that there is merit in a frankness that is so unbesmirched by hypocrisy; and looking backwards for a century we cannot take much pride in a public opinion whose worship of decency involved its victims in so large a sacrifice of freedom.

More than seventy years ago Mill told us in his

Liberty that any author who outraged the conventional beliefs of his day signed his own sentence of outlawry. There was something earnest and well-mannered in his protest, and this tradition of good behaviour in controversy was maintained by his successors, T. H. Huxley and John Morley. These were all effective pioneers, but somewhat too respectable in tone and decorous in argument to be characteristically modern in our sense of the term. The time was to come when the sensibilities of the public were to be more rudely shocked, and when the young author to secure a hearing required merely to capitalize his impudence. To assail accepted standards, in Mill's day an act of courage entailing martyrdom, was now to become the readiest highway to success.

Samuel Butler was the first novelist to break the reserve of a century. Presently Archer launched Ibsen on English readers, and Shaw began to explode his juvenile fire-crackers. He assured the world that they were veritable bombs, and we have gone on believing him. In any event, English ideas were in for a thorough housecleaning, and all the ornaments on our mental shelves were dusted, smashed, or turned upside down. We began to think that they looked just as well in their inverted state. This was in the naughty nineties, when respectability was going out of fashion, with Wilde, Dowson, Symons, and the "Yellow Book" as proferred substitutes.

We soon grew serious again in another way, when Wells and Galsworthy essayed to show us where to plant our footsteps; but in spite of them and Shaw, reformatory zeal is not the hall-mark of the modern spirit. If we find a writer like Conrad who is distinguished by the steadfastness of his moral standards, there is compensation in the disinterestedness of his method; or if another like

Bennett, whose form has some savour of the past, his disrelish of edification will supply the counterpoise.

Still, all these men are sufficient moderns in a fatherly way, and if one were designing a family tree the filiation would be clear enough. Grandparents—Butler and Ibsen. Parents—Hardy, Shaw, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Conrad. For precocious younger brothers or sisters we might name E. M. Forster, May Sinclair, D. H. Lawrence, J. D. Beresford, Somerset Maugham, Norman Douglas, and James Stephens; and for irresponsible sons or daughters who might possibly repudiate their parentage let us choose Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, Wyndham Lewis, Rebecca West, Osbert Sitwell, Stella Benson, Katharine Mansfield, Dorothy Richardson, and James Joyce. They are a group of promising youngsters, but where they will steer the apple cart or where upset it is not yet evident. There are some grandchildren whose voices have not yet quite broken, but who manage to sing in tune. Margaret Kennedy, Gerhardi, David Garnett and Evelyn Waugh are the most vocal of these, but on a big stage they are relatively unregarded figures. American writers repudiate even remote cousinship. Clever and audacious, they are momentarily spoiled by Freud and the eighteenth amendment.

There are evidently stratifications of modernity, but it would lead us too far to establish the connecting links between group and group. They all seem to be concerned with a reorganization of values, but the younger spirits are careless of substitutions. Wells and Galsworthy want a different world but a better. The youngsters despise the old, find the present a good world to laugh at, but evince no eagerness to invent one that will be proof against disillusionment. The older men said, "We helped to make the muddle, let us cure it." The younger men

deny responsibility and despair of a remedy. What happened to them chiefly was the war, and by the variation in the point of view we can measure the distance between the spectator and the participant. For a decade or two the novel will continue to dance on ruins. At the moment high seriousness is out of fashion.

Such then is our rude sketch of the novel in so far as it essays to give a thermometric reading of our moral temperature. We are evidently in a high fever, and the doctor prescribes rest and a soothing diet. Like most prescriptions it will be disregarded, and the patient will recover. There is generally a normal return to health, and the suggestion is offered that we are not perhaps in such evil case as we imagine ourselves to be. Nor are we such children as to desire a soothing syrup or a sugary lollipop; but until the time comes when we can assimilate the strange nutriment our laboratories have contrived for us we want some wise physician to prescribe us a healthy human diet. Romanticism is out of fashion, but is it too late to hope for the recovery of a sane idealism, a romanticism purged of its posturing egotism and sentimentality? We may have been "done in the eye", as the cabby said, but life for all that has significance and beauty while it lasts.

It is evident and it is fortunate that we cannot bind the novel down to consistency in the matter of content. Shall we fare any better when we come to consider fiction in its technical aspect?

We may seem to make our case initially more difficult when we affirm that there are no fixed laws governing the form of the novel. But while this is true, there are many well-founded principles of construction that have been established by the practice of great novelists in the two centuries since the art of fiction had its birth. A writer

of to-day is free to accept or reject these as his judgement dictates. He has the failures and successes of the past to guide him, and will violently innovate at his peril like Joyce, or mildly extend the limits of traditional usage like the more cautious Galsworthy. We have made these two names pivotal in our study of the drift of fiction, with no intention certainly of examining the works they represent, but utilizing them rather as symbolic sign-posts pointing our way.

For convenience of examination fiction resolves itself quite readily into two main divisions—the dialogued and the non-dialogued, and this latter division multiplies itself into a variety of elements each of which is sensitively susceptible to change. It is evident, therefore, that fiction is decidedly a more fertile field for experimentation than drama, which has only dialogue and the mechanician to play with, and which in the course of two thousand years must almost have exhausted all possible combinations.

Naturalness is generally held to be a virtue in dialogue, but this opens up the difficult question of how closely fiction can or should approximate to actual conditions. Romance in its origins was an attempt to escape from reality. Men craved impossible situations, and the language of narration consorted with this demand. Our art now creeps closer to natural conditions, but if we examine even its most realistic examples we see convention asserting itself on every hand. Speeches are organized for effect as they are not in real life, for who has ever spoken so brilliantly as a Meredith or Huxley character? The occasional note of sheer naturalness is a device like the rest; but if life is to be our pattern the flatness of many a novelistic utterance provokes the question whether a certain degree of heightening is not

a privilege we willingly accord an author. The dangers of heightening are bombast; the dangers of naturalness lie in the direction of unrevealing flatness. Huxley has avoided pedantry, and can be followed with safety by any novelist who shares his powers of brilliant generalization. There will not be many. Hemingway who comes closer than any of his contemporaries to the naturalness of common speech will have a larger following, but they must labour hard to make their dialogue equally character-revealing, and as successful as his in moving on the story. The only excuse for such preponderance of dialogue is its organic effectiveness, as the only excuse for the Huxley orations is their admitted brilliance. Lacking these justifications the indifferent novelist will multiply quotation marks in the hope of lightening effects that err already on the side of lightness.

Let us consider for a moment the dialogue art of other admitted masters—the extremist whom we have chosen, James Joyce, and that most perceptive of traditionalists, John Galsworthy. Revolutionary in every other respect Joyce conforms in his dialogue to the extremer tenets of naturalism. The mental processes of his characters may lead us a merry dance, but their colloquial utterances are studiously keyed down to the level of every-day speech. Blasphemous often, obscene not occasionally, we should have no difficulty in understanding what his people say except such as arises from our forgivable unfamiliarity with the local by-play of the Dublin of twenty years ago. We have none of these difficulties of orientation with Galsworthy. We may miss in him the occasional stabbing phrase that makes us wince with pleasure in Joyce, but he is more continuously satisfactory. You may convince yourselves of his competence by reading the chapter in *The Man of Property* where Soames, Irene,

June and Bosinney sit down to their ill-assorted but thoroughly Forsytian dinner. It is Chapter Two of Part Two and it is called "June's Treat". If read in detachment the words will have no great significance, but familiar as we are with the general situation each word and each interlinear comment is charged with meaning. It is the sheer perfection of the art of preparation, and will convey a needed lesson to the commencing novelist. Dialogue is fiction's dramatic opportunity. The dramatist works in it as his only medium. The novelist cannot borrow the services of flesh and blood actors to heighten his effects, but he still commands resources that are denied to his rival craftsman. His scene is staged only in our imagination, but if he has not wasted his preparatory efforts we are so initiated into the situation that he can afford to dispense with the adjuncts of eye and ear. The interlinear comments too, as we have said, are an aid to interpretation. Your weak novelist is foolishly spendthrift of these. Seeking to avoid the "he said" and "she replied" repetitions, he abounds in meaningless commonplaces—"She droned", or "She tittered", or "Said Reginald nonchalantly flicking the ash of his cigarette". With such masters of method as we have indicated, and they might readily be multiplied, there is sufficient hope that the novelists of the future will realize at least what is to be avoided, if they cannot always achieve what is to be desired.

Turning away now from dialogue other aspects of fiction, where change if not decay is evident, remain for our brief consideration.

It is not difficult to plot the curve of development in description over a period of two centuries. When the novel was establishing itself with Richardson and Fielding the cult of the picturesque had not yet dawned. Scenes,

persons, and objects were sketched in with the barest sufficient detail. Obvious appearances were succinctly summarised, and authors were rarely tempted to elaborate a description for the sheer love of describing. Smollett is the exceptional man of his century who achieved his satiric end by the multiplication of telling details, but while there is much significance there is no lift of ecstasy in his descriptive art. By the time of Scott, and largely indeed owing to his individual effort, the zest for romantic description was widely established. Jane Austen resisted the lure of the picturesque as a value to be sought and cultivated for its own sake. Carlyle fulminated against "view-hunting", as he contemptuously called it, but the authors of the period in England and in France overflowed in descriptive fervour. It was here they felt that they could accumulate their effects, and here above all that they could indulge their propensity for "fine writing". It was on the whole a dangerous tendency and threatened to wrench the novel from its true function of depicting incident or revealing personality. The realists of the succeeding generation—and more particularly in France—maintained the zest for description, but were relatively careless of pictorial effect in their conscientious effort to achieve significance. Flaubert succeeded in charging his significance with beauty, but it was rather the example of Balzac that prevailed with Zola and his naturalistic school. Unduly obsessed as they probably were with the idea that men are the automatic outcome of the two forces of heredity and environment, the value of setting rose to the dignity of a philosophic or scientific conception. For some odd reason they attributed to these influences a prevailingly sordid tinge, with the result that significance emerged for them only from circumstances of compelling horror and distress. Our mid-century writers were for

the most part free from these obsessions. Thackeray and Dickens escaped the pressure of science. George Eliot was measurably a victim though she struggled loyally to keep her little flame of idealism alight. A superficial estimate might associate Hardy more closely with the uncompromising and pessimistic realism of the French naturalists. His characters too are enmeshed in the coil of their environment. His setting, therefore, is designed for significance, but we are conscious always of the sensitive reaction of his pity, and his humour and feeling for beauty no less than his compassion redeem his work from any suspicion of sordidness. A closer approximation to French naturalism we may find in Gissing and Arnold Bennett. A study of the descriptive element in the latter's work will reveal his tendency to accumulate detail, but the doubt arises as to whether these multiplied items are as he imagined them to be, significant, or as his critics judge them to be, irrelevant. He builds up his masses admittedly with a light hand, but we shall be compelled to ask whether they illuminate his human beings or oppress them with the heavy shadows they cast.

As for the younger of the moderns we can generalize confidently with regard to certain clearly defined tendencies in the field of description. They have left far behind them the frank obviousness of the early writers. They abjure the pictorial lyric fervours of the romantics, and are indifferent to the more conscientious fullness of the realists. They are dubious of environmental influences, but they are sufficiently alive to the value of an appropriate setting if it is only for the purpose of creating that vague emanation from reality which we designate as atmosphere. The methods are almost as various as the individuals, but nearly always the desired effect is achieved with a most economical expenditure of words.

One must be graphic, vivid, suggestive; and to achieve that end only the method that is swiftest in its results will suffice. If we must affix a label to this method "impressionistic realism" will serve as well as any other.

The modern novel is without denial increasingly analytic. The tale of adventure can dispense with analysis, but the writers in most esteem to-day consider themselves to be qualified psychologists, interested mainly in the morbid anatomy of the soul, and threading their way through its obscurest labyrinths with at least an assumed confidence in their general direction.

The conditions of our speed-driven age would not seem to be favourable to meditation, and the exploratory zeal of the modern novelist certainly has no counterpart in our normal experience. We have few opportunities indeed of probing the depths of human personality. We satisfy ourselves with sometimes clear but always limited conceptions of character. We can forecast a friend's reaction to certain circumstances, but our judgement of his probable behaviour rests upon a rapid intuition. We do not formulate the psychic processes by which he governs his actions or shapes his verbal response to a situation. Moreover, he is usually himself not aware of any such psychic preparation, and act and speech are with him alike instinctive. Our odd conclusion then is that a novelist essays to give us a completer rendering of character than our experience can offer, and further that this presentation, convincing as it may be, does not rest on any observed facts of our normal life.

If then we must advance reasons for this preoccupation with analysis two suggestions are hazarded. Though we are not expert psychologists the development of experimental psychology as an offshoot from the older philosophy has bred in us a new kind of interest in human

behaviour, and Freudianism has played its part too in directing our attention to the workings of what is loosely called the unconscious mind. And something also must be conceded to the aid which analysis presumably offers to characterisation. If we are convinced that fiction's most important function is to illustrate human character in action and in repose, in isolation and in association, we must welcome any new instrument of precision, provided we have faith both in its efficacy and in its manipulation. There will inevitably be some loss of narrative vigour, but we are content to sacrifice something of the speed of action for the enriched knowledge we obtain of the actors.

Henry James has theorised pertinently upon the question of analysis, indicating its advantages and dangers, but not forecasting such fantastic applications of the principle as are afforded in the practice of Dorothy Richardson, Joyce, and their psycho-analytic following. He called it "going behind", but while he valued its aid to characterization he insisted on discrimination in its use. In a book of a dozen characters some three or four at the most would repay this subtle mode of exploration. And often, as for example with Milly Theale or the Princess Casamassima, he would allow important characters to be displayed merely in the consciousness of others, or by their own words or actions, with no entrance vouchsafed into the portals of their minds. From one so prodigal in the use of analysis this is a prescription of caution that has been wantonly disregarded in our own day. Novelists of the centre like Galsworthy carry on the James tradition. The left wing with Joyce at its fighting apex, and the analytic scalpel as its weapon, has invented a new and dangerous surgery of the brain. It is a technique that demands amazing dexterity, and if

Joyce with his admitted genius produces for pages on end a result that may be described only as irredeemable nonsense, we can but predict disaster for his less gifted following. Despite the apparent chaos of *Ulysses*, it has a definite centrality of interest and motive. Its confusion of tone does not recommend it, but it has an explosive energy that compels our admiration, and almost convinces us that what he had to say could have found no other channel of expression. We venture to think, however, that it will have no greater chance of becoming the type book of the future than that other disconcerting yet fascinating book of almost two hundred years ago, *Tristram Shandy*.

A few years ago the American writer, Sherwood Anderson, produced a novel, *Dark Laughter*, slighter in value certainly than the books we have been considering, but which will serve to illustrate succinctly some aspects of modern experimentation that we have not adequately considered. The book is sufficiently unknown to demand a summary.

Bruce Dudley—the man who was originally John Stockton—abandons his wife, Bernice, on a sudden impulse, and with a capital of three hundred and fifty dollars adventures into the world on a voyage of self-discovery. He makes his way down the Mississippi to New Orleans, loiters there for some months, and finds himself eventually in Old Harbor, a small town on the Ohio river where he had lived as a boy with his parents. He becomes a varnisher of automobile wheels in a factory owned by Fred Grey, and is on friendly terms with a skilled fellow-workman named Sponge Martin. The latter has noticed with sardonic amusement that the attractive young wife of Grey has been taking particular notice of Bruce, and the reasons for this are sufficiently

indicated in the story. Aline Grey's infatuation induces her to dismiss her negro gardener and advertise for another. Bruce, obscurely aware of her reasons, and participating in the same impulse, answers the advertisement and secures the position. The infatuation deepens on both sides, and after its crisis has passed Bruce immediately disappears. Aline allows her husband to imagine that the child she is bearing will be his, and for several months she is tolerant of him even to the point of tenderness. Bruce reappears, determined to discover whether Aline belongs to him or to her husband. Grey hears them after dark talking in the garden, is moved by conflicting impulses, and decides to creep into the house undetected. He refuses to imagine the worst. Aline hears him stumble and compels him to join them. She bluntly tells him that the child will not be his, and moves away with Bruce down a steep obscure path to the town. A final chapter is given to Grey's bewildered state and his ineffective pursuit of the deliberate fugitives. When he arrives home "dark laughter" sounds from the house, for the negro servants have returned from town.

This sounds like a Lawrence theme. There is the same glorification of irrational impulse, revealed alike in the unmotivated incongruity of the characters' actions and in the frank exposition of sexual irregularity. Our modern books are both messy and jumpy and the fact may be noted with no recourse to argument. It is sufficient to say that we are not suffering from a lack of education, and if frankness is a virtue we possess it in fullest measure.

Frank as it is, this relatively unknown book has not been chosen to represent the animalistic tendencies of modern fiction, and if one wished to exemplify the "stream of consciousness" idea, either Joyce or Dorothy

Richardson or Mrs. Woolf would have better served our purpose. Its singularity rests on other causes. The modern narrator strives so far as possible to mask his identity. There is a minimum of philosophical comment contributed by the author. There are no moral judgements and there is a minimum, too, of description detached from the consciousness of the actors in the drama. With these innovations we can have no quarrel, for anything that tends to make a story self-supporting is sheer advantage. But narration, by which we mean the contribution of movement to the story, is emphatically a convention that we willingly concede to the author. The free flow of action in a modern story is already sufficiently choked by our analytic habit of mind. But not content with the natural limitations imposed by the analytic method, Mr. Sherwood Anderson as narrator has sought for and achieved the most complete self-effacement. The summary given above, brief as it is, probably bulks as large as the combined narrative statements of the book, for after any brief statement that he permits himself, such as "Fred walked up the hill," or "Aline rose from the bench in the garden," he lapses immediately into the stream of consciousness.

If the effacement of the author is desirable, it is still consistent with the control of action and with the multiplication of dialogued scenes. The most apparent structural peculiarity of this book is the virtual non-existence of dialogue. There are many fragments of remembered conversations that drift through the minds of the characters, but dialogue contemporaneous with the action of the story is extremely rare and most exiguous when found. For example, when Grey returns from the parade after Bruce has left his wife's room, he is allowed to utter the monosyllable, "Well!" Or again, when

Aline makes him face her and Bruce in the garden, she is allowed a full sentence: " 'The child I am expecting is not your child, Fred.' Fred said nothing. What was to be said?" A two-line speech from his wife follows shortly. "And now words had come to Fred. How humiliating! He was pleading with her. 'It's all wrong. Don't go, Aline! Stay here! Give me time! Give me a chance! Don't go'!"

Our conclusion in the whole matter must be arbitrary and brief. The novelist of to-morrow will enjoy a desirable access of freedom in matter and method. But he may achieve his effect without flouting the decencies of life, and without unduly straining the proved virtues of the conventions at his disposal.

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